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Vol. CCV, No. 2679
JUNE 16, 1951

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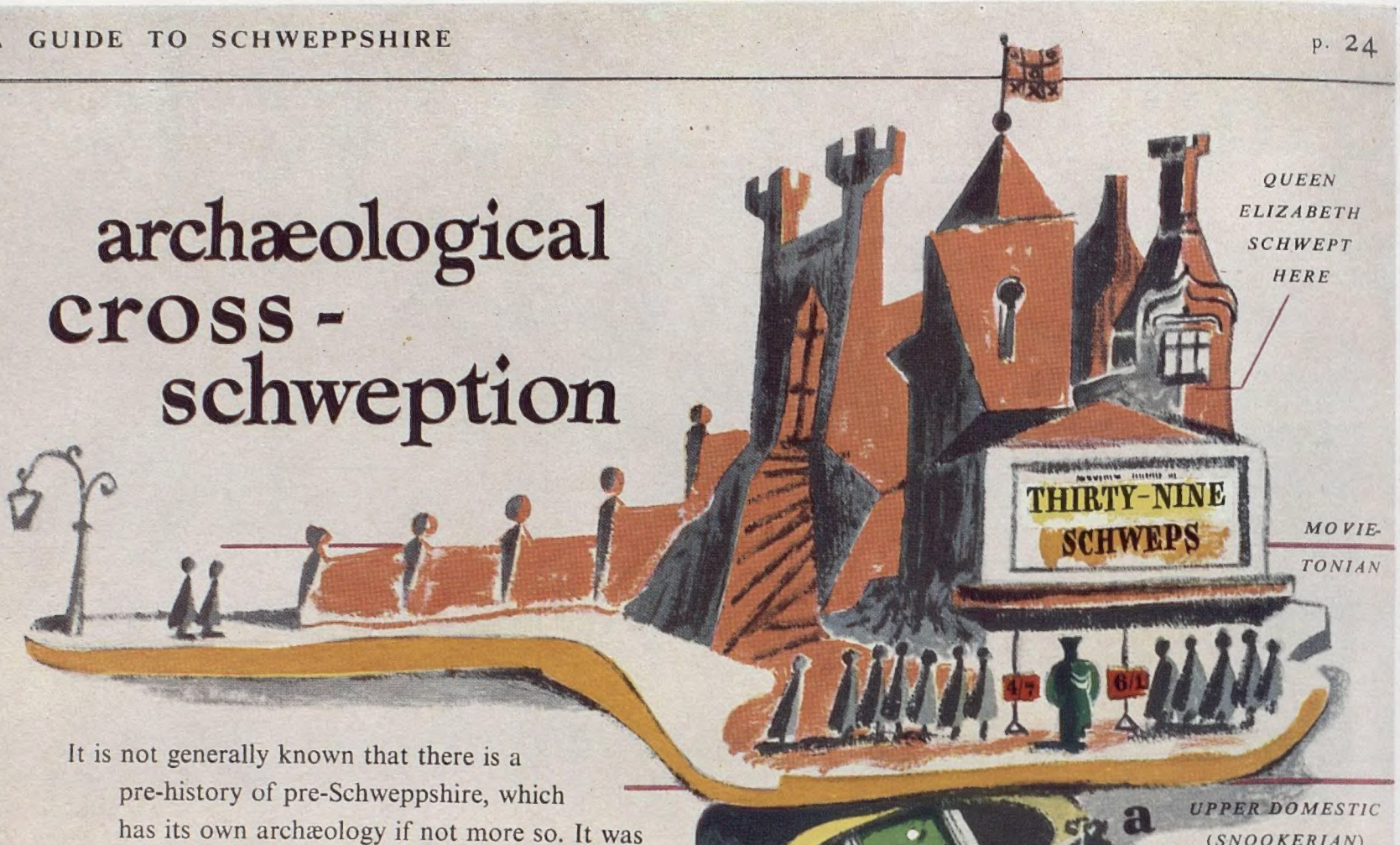

It is not generally known that there is a pre-history of pre-Schweppshire, which has its own archæology if not more so. It was only by chance, when digging the foundations of the Schwempire Cinema that the 18th century billiard room of

a) SCHWEPSTOW CASTLE was discovered, the primitive table supported by four legs in the delicate Schwepelwhite style and two Schwippendale dustbins. Beneath that are the remains of

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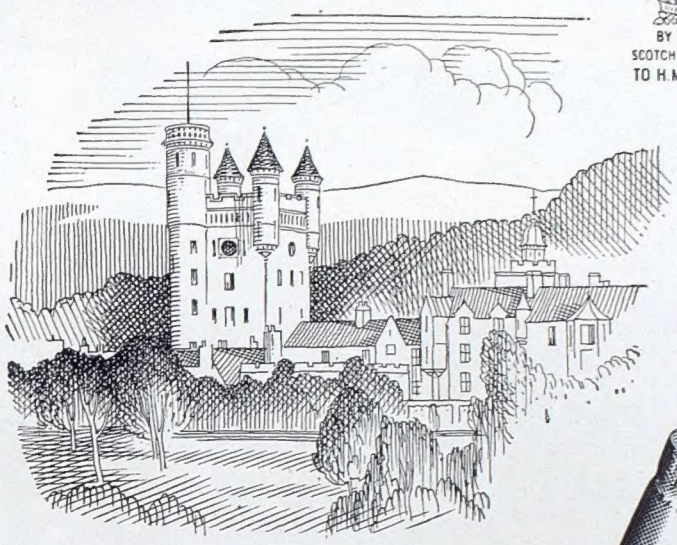

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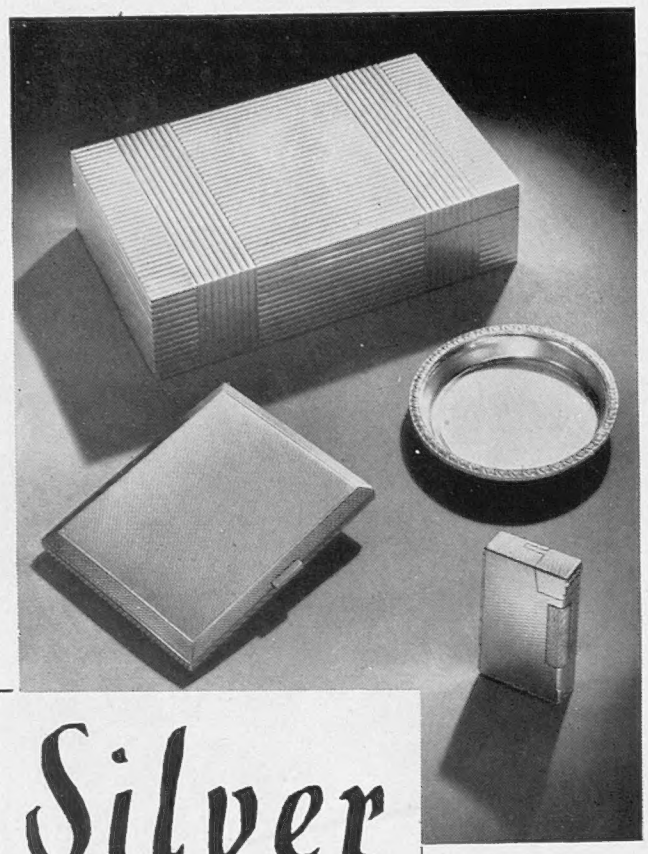

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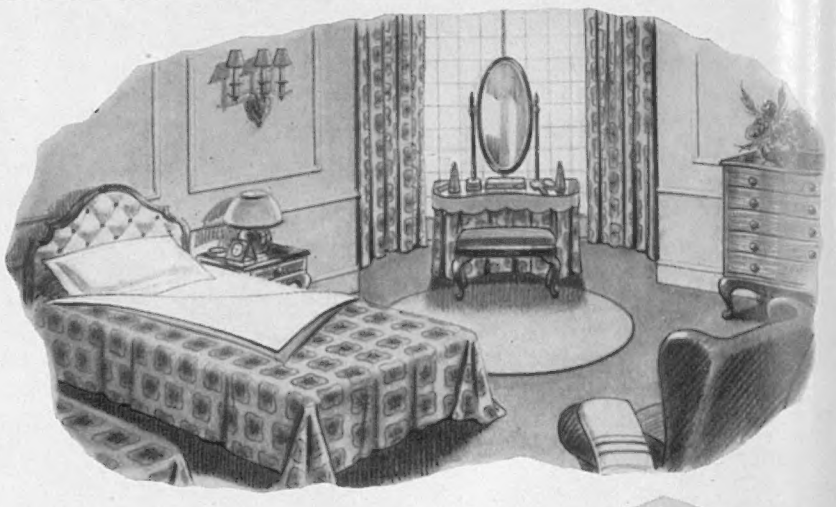

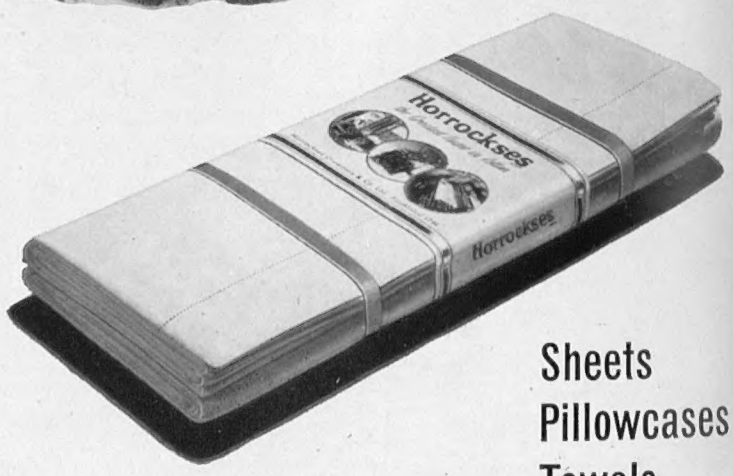

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Volume CCV No. 2679 The SPHERE, London, June 16, 1951

The SPHERE
WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "THE GRAPHIC"
THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

ATHENS WELCOMES HER KOREA WAR WOUNDED—VAST CROWDS TURN OUT AS THE AMBULANCES BRING THE MEN FROM THE PORT OF PIRÆUS WHERE THEY HAD JUST BEEN LANDED FROM THE UNITED STATES TROOP-CARRIER "GENERAL McCREA": Shops were closed for the occasion and Athens was decorated with Greek and United Nations flags. In addition to fifty wounded men, 130 demobilised Greek infantrymen also returned in the troop-carrier.

At a time when Athens was alive with rumours regarding the differences between Field-Marshal Papagos, who lately resigned as Commander-in-Chief, and the Court of King Paul, these differences were for a moment set aside and all united last week to welcome the returning war-wounded from the battlefields of Korea. The United States troop-carrier *General McCrea*, in which the Greeks journeyed back to their homeland, had previously put in at the Port of Istanbul, where Turkish wounded were likewise disembarked. An eyewitness account stressed the fraternal feeling aboard the troopship between the Greeks and their old rivals the Turks, now both providing units for the United Nations Army under General Van Fleet. The Greek Expeditionary Force of 1,200 men, a battalion commanded by Colonel Daskarolis, first landed in Korea in December 1950. Van Fleet, the present overall commander of the force, is well known to the Greeks, for it was he who assisted Field-Marshal Papagos in the final defeat of the Communists during the Greek Civil War.

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A LONDON NEWSLETTER

INGRAM HOUSE, 195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

The King's Health.—Perhaps the King's recovery had been a little delayed by his anxiety not to disappoint his people at fixtures long planned and looked forward to. He has bowed to the decision of his doctors and cancelled all his June fixtures, and we may be sure that that decision is wise. A sense of duty can be a fretting spur. Among the June fixtures are many "annuals" in which the King takes special pleasure—the Trooping, the official week at Windsor, Ascot, and the Scottish visit. To the visit of King Haakon and its picturesque river ceremony, it is known that he specially looked forward. The public's sympathy goes out to the King, whose sense of duty and wholehearted service to the nation are household words. The Queen and Princess Elizabeth are taking over the bulk of his engagements and performing them to admiration; and other members of the Royal family are sharing in the discharge with all the dignity, grace and goodwill which are to be expected. It reminds us that the circle of Royalty on whom ceremonial responsibilities fall is very much narrower than it was in recent reigns. More and more falls upon the King and his immediate family, and when the King is ill, the Queen and Princesses have a ceaseless round of engagements which disregards any limit of weekly working hours. For unfortunately the King's enforced rest falls at the busiest time of an abnormally busy year.

What the Other Side Thinks.—We have been fighting in one way and another for a very long time Russia, and China, and Communism in various parts of the world. We have been fighting with guns and bombs or words and diplomatic formulæ. And one feature is common to all these forms of warfare. We hardly ever receive a direct or indirect hint from the other side to tell us how the enemy thinks the campaigns are going. Whether it is with bombs and shells or with words that we wage the war, the Iron Curtain seems still to divide the combatants. The Communist prisoners do not appear to respond to questioning, the Communist pundits let slip no *obiter dicta* (as even the shrewd Goebbels sometimes did) to give us a cheering hint that the enemy was not finding everything lovely. Now at last we can gather from Communist China that Korea is not a bed of roses; that the sacrifice of human lives has been a blood-bath which may really weaken the Communist body politic, and that to fight with antiquated weapons and transport against even a vastly numerically-inferior force equipped with every modern device, is not good business, and may even discourage suicide troops, if long persisted in. This is oblique news, but good news and fairly reliable. It does not mean that an end to insanity in Korea is in sight. Just as it would take years and miracles to equip the Chinese armies on the scale of the United Nations forces, even if Russia openly undertook the task, so might it take years and miracles to persuade the Communists to sacrifice face in Korea or anywhere else.

The Remedy for Strikes.—Mr. Robens last week admitted that he was worried by the rising trend of discontent manifested during 1951 by strikes in industry and resulting in the loss during the first five months of 750,000 working days, a rise of 50 per cent. over the same period in 1950. He put it down largely to evil men (Communists), and he knew the answer: "Adequate discussion and joint consultation." Words, words! And what exactly do these words mean? They mean, I suppose, as much as the time-honoured phrase "exploring avenues." It is odd that no Socialist Minister until now has regarded the loss of working hours from strikes since 1945 as "serious." Always the argument has been that that loss of the nation's potential was trivial in comparison with the loss in the '20's and '30's. Apparently, the loss of 150,000 hours a month deserves a warning and a headshake, while a mere 100,000 was trivial. I should like Mr. Robens to explain why that is so, and to answer one other point which in the past six years has stung and troubled me. Why is it that the unofficial strikers—the saboteurs of our effort—invariably get their way, or if they decide to return to work after any act of sabotage, invariably escape the penalties which would be handed out to you and me if we broke a lamp-standard or a police-office window? Evil men flourish while the law is set aside for expediency. One day the nettle must be grasped by actions and not words.

The Time Has Come.—Whatever I may have been in my hot youth, I am no longer a revolutionary. I believe in constitutional methods to achieve reforms and to remove bad tendencies or official failures. As a citizen, I attempt to learn and to obey the laws and regulations in force and, as a magistrate, I try to stick closely to the job of interpreting the law and deciding on the guilt or innocence of offenders and to avoid *obiter dicta* from the Bench whenever a prosecution by the police or a Ministry appears to be futile or grossly extravagant. But the very article of our democracy and parliamentary system hinges on the citizen's right and duty to brand official failure and to make his voice heard in condemnation of uneconomic practices. That, indeed, is the constitutional method of reform, lawful revolution. The wars and their regimentation have, I am convinced, reduced us all to a state of slavery and a condition of patience or apathy unknown to our fathers in any century. To our ancestors of the early nineteenth century, our present gutless apathy would be disgusting. They beat off Napoleon and other dangers by their own fierce individualism. They spurned any yoke which they felt to be unnecessary for national safety, and liquidated every burden which was imposed on them by incompetence. Is there a sign that modern England is beginning to be ashamed of its serfdom and to resolve to return to its age-old character for brave and fierce individualism? There are faint but hopeful signs here and there. In the country districts, the butchers themselves are exhorting their customers to revolt openly against the intolerable organisation and management and distribution of such meat supplies as are now available.

A Mild Gestapo.—In country towns and in rural petty sessional courts, the methods of the Board of Trade and the Food Ministry in enforcing clothing and food-price orders are at last being noticed with something more than a shrug. The enforcement officers themselves are beginning to wear a hangdog look, as if they realised that the public realise at last that it is costing a lot of public money to bring into court the innocent and the simple, while the big men and the black market flourish; and the nominal fines for proven technical offences are an indication of public resentment. There is, indeed, something of (polite) Gestapo methods in the "invitations" to simple shopkeepers to attend at some far-distant town an examination by an investigating committee. Coal, again. For years and years the public has endured the ever-increasing charge for rubbishy fuel and, though the householder accepted his supplier's plea that "it was that or nothing," at least his bitter complaints helped at last to force the hands of the fuel authority to regrade and reprice available stocks to ensure at least a paper justice in distribution. The gesture of the Kingston doctors and others (former staff of the officially closed Victoria Hospital) to found a new voluntary hospital to be run by themselves looks to be another sign of this long-overdue awakening, a determination to supplement a soulless rigidity in the working of the Health Act. God send it be so. The iron of slavery has gone deep into our souls. The Slave State has almost conquered us. The time has come to awake out of sleep and to remember the fathers who begat us and by their fierce individualism and hatred of tyranny made us once great.

Sweet of the Year.—The sweet of the year came at last (and came to stay a while)—that sort of day that only England knows (and supplies sometimes three or four running). A day when the sun is warm but does not burn, scorch or dazzle, the gentle breeze refreshes and the scene and the greenery are still in the tapestry of spring. That is the Festival of Britain arranged by Nature, and really quite a meritorious effort, fit to compete with the planning and cleverness of men. I spent one such day (or part of it) not at the paddle-ponds nor in the Dome of Discovery. For one hour I watched polo in lovely Cowdray Park, beside the ruins of the old house. For one hour I watched village cricket on the South Harting ground, an arena of green sweeping gently up to the down on which Up-park stands. For one hour I sat in a dell of riotous colours, azaleas, rhododendrons, laburnum, lilac, all in fullest bloom and scent, and for one hour I wandered in a copse and caught sight of a roebuck feeding on green leaves and watched many other birds and beasts enjoying themselves in peace and quiet in pools of light among the cool shadows. We have waited long for just such an afternoon and on the whole I doubt if it could have been better spent or more cheaply. There remain still a few luxuries which, if strictly rationed, are not subject to purchase or entertainment tax.

Lionel Tennyson.—Lionel Tennyson was from his early youth a "cuckoo in the nest" of his home at Farringford, in the Isle of Wight, which remained a mausoleum or museum, dedicated to his grandfather's memory, so long as his father lived there. The poet created the legend, the son lived on it, the grandson totally rejected it. He and his high-spirited little brothers (carried off in the First World War) were utterly alien to the mausoleum atmosphere and played off scores of unseemly tricks on the grave seniors entertained at Farringford. And as he began, so Lionel went on, full of guts and recklessness and resource, a Porthos-d'Artagnan type, about as alien to the Galahads of his grandfather's idylls as could be imagined. He raced and rode, and sought experiences in every field, with a broad sense of humour and a carefree *joie de vivre* to spur him on. He made cricket history in 1921, although he was only a third-class bowler and a second-class batsman. He triumphed on that famous, dismal day at Lord's in 1921 against McDonald and Gregory by sheer cheek and guts, making 74 undefeated and partially redeeming our infamy. He possessed nerve, not the nerves of the mesmerised rabbit. It won him the captaincy at Leeds and here again he may be said to have carried his team with one hand. He treated the deadly bowlers with lighthearted scorn and the occasion as a capital joke and the game as a game, and pointed the way in which even Test cricket should be played; but his successors have not often profited from this prophet, who latterly did not mince his words in criticism of our Test selectors and players.

THE OLD STAGER

EISENHOWER RETURNS TO THE BEACHES—COMMEMORATING THE SEVENTH ANNIVERSARY OF D-DAY, THE SUPREME COMMANDER TOURS THE 1944 BATTLE-FIELDS AND VISITS "MILESTONE ZERO" AT SAINTE-MÈRE-ÉGLISE, THE FIRST FRENCH TOWN LIBERATED BY AMERICAN TROOPS: General of the Army and Mrs. Eisenhower are seen standing near the stone which marks the beginning of "Liberty Highway"—the road taken by General Patton's Third Army in making its dash through France. Earlier, the Supreme Commander had flown over the British landing-beaches and saw the Allied fleets of the Central European Defence Group taking part in exercises. The main ceremony during the commemoration took place at the British military cemetery at Bayeux.

"WITH BEST WISHES"

THOSE in search of a gift for friends, either at home or overseas, will find that a year's subscription to THE SPHERE provides an ideal solution. Each week, the new copy will be a fresh reminder of the kind thought and good wishes of the friend at home. Orders for subscriptions for THE SPHERE to be sent overseas can now be taken. They should be addressed: The Subscription Department, THE SPHERE, Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2, together with the name and address of the person to whom the copies are to be sent, and enclosing the subscription. Inland, £5 16s. Canada, £5. Elsewhere abroad, £5 5s. (to include the Christmas Number).

PARIS, THE BOURBON-PARMA WEDDING

THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM LEAVE THE CHURCH OF ST. PIERRE DE CHAILLOT: Prince Michael of Bourbon-Parma, brother of ex-King Michael of Rumania's wife, and Princess Yolande de Broglie after their wedding last week-end. The twenty-four-year-old bridegroom was married in the uniform of a French parachute officer. The bride wore a simple white silk gown. The de Broglie family were established in France in the sixteenth century.

FOUR OF THE GUESTS AT THE ROYAL WEDDING IN PARIS: Prince Georges of Greece (left), his daughter Princess Eugenie of Thurn and Taxis, the Princess's small son Bogie, and (on right) Count Roger de la Rochefoucauld. They are seen arriving at the Church of St. Pierre de Chaillot for the marriage of Prince Michael of Bourbon-Parma and Princess Yolande de Broglie. There were 2,000 people outside the church to see the bride and bridegroom, and members of the Bourbon-Parma family gathered from all parts of Western Europe to be present at the ceremony.

SALZBURG, THE EJECTION OF THE RUSSIANS

EVACUATION BY FORCE: A Russian Army sergeant driver loses his cap as he is dragged without ceremony from his car when the American authorities in Salzburg forcibly ejected him, and two officers of the Soviet Repatriation Commission in the American Zone of Austria after they had failed to leave when instructed to do so by the Americans.

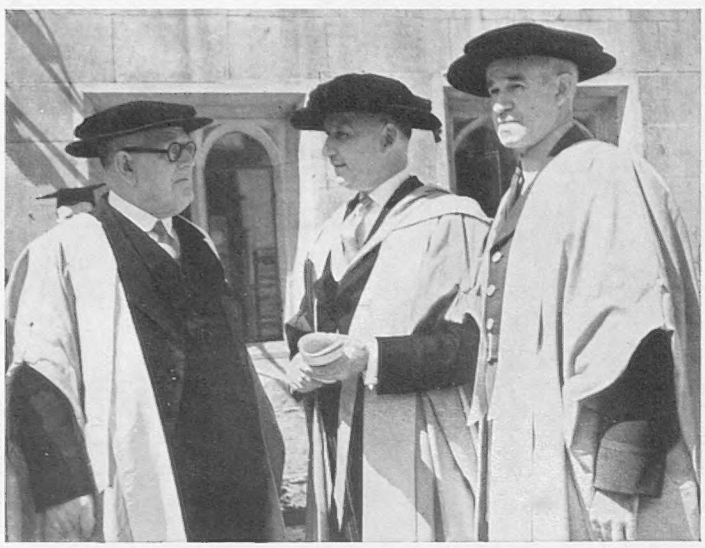
THE OLD AND NEW ORDER IN EUROPE

OCCASIONS CEREMONIOUS AND UNCEREMONIOUS IN THE FRENCH CAPITAL AND AN AUSTRIAN CITY

AMERICAN OFFICERS AND G.I.S REMOVING THE RUSSIAN DRIVER, VASILLI ELISCRATOV, FROM HIS CAR BEFORE HE WAS REPLACED BY AN AMERICAN DRIVER, WHO DROVE HIS PASSENGERS, THE TWO SOVIET REPATRIATION COMMISSION OFFICERS, OVER THE BORDER INTO THE RUSSIAN ZONE OF AUSTRIA. *On left*—The Russian car, with its window broken after the struggle, leaving the American Zone. A dramatic incident occurred last Saturday when two officers of the Soviet Repatriation Commission in the American Zone of Austria were taken from their office in Salzburg to the demarcation line. The Russians had been instructed to leave by the American authorities when their permits expired at midnight on the Friday. The following morning the Russians were still at their headquarters. When they entered their car, they drove to the United Nations Displaced Persons Centre, instead of to the frontier. On their return they found American troops barring the entrance. When told to leave they locked themselves in the car. American soldiers then forced open the door of the car and ejected the driver, replacing him with an American who drove the officers to the Enns bridge and left them and the car on the Soviet side. Their luggage and their driver followed in an American lorry.

Personalities in the News

Margaret Truman Sees London in a Week of Pageantry; Lord Tedder at Cambridge; The Rise of the Neo-Nazis in Germany



1. DOCTORATES AT CAMBRIDGE: Mr. W. J. Jordan, New Zealand High Commissioner, and General Omar Bradley, with Lord Tedder (centre), new Chancellor of the University, who conferred the degrees. Lord Tedder was last week installed as Chancellor in succession to the late Field-Marshal Smuts.

2. THE VISIT TO LONDON OF MISS MARGARET TRUMAN, DAUGHTER OF THE AMERICAN PRESIDENT: Miss Truman with Mr. Douglas Fairbanks on arrival at St. James's Theatre to see Shaw's *Cæsar and Cleopatra*.

3. NUBAR GULBENKIAN AT RICHMOND SHOW: His dismissal from the post of Commercial Attaché at the Persian Embassy brought him into the news last week.

4. BOLIVIA'S PRESIDENT RESIGNS: President Mamerto Urriolagoitia, who has given place to a junta "to save the country."

5. ADMIRAL SHERMAN'S CHINA PROPHECY: The Admiral who has assessed China's vulnerability in relation to a blockade.

6. WITH A TASK FORCE IN MANCHURIA: Marshal of the Soviet Union Yakovlevitch Malinowsky. He has an army of 800,000.

7 and 8. FÜHRERS IN THE MAKING: Ernst Remer, seen under trial at Verdun, near Bremen, and Eberhard Stern, leader of the Berlin Neo-Nazis.

1. General Omar Bradley in Cambridge and London.—Last week the distinguished American soldier, who is Chief of the U.S. Joint Chiefs of Staff, went down to Cambridge University, where Lord Tedder, General Eisenhower's British wartime deputy, now presides, to receive from Chancellor Tedder an honorary doctorate in law. A day later General Bradley was in London, where he held a Press conference, coming prepared for questions about the misunderstandings between himself and Field-Marshal Lord Montgomery. General Bradley told his hearers: "I admire Montgomery, and in my book I paid him many tributes. We had differences. Yes, and we all made mistakes." A day later General Bradley left by plane for the United States. Asked if he had seen Field-Marshal Lord Montgomery either in Paris or London, he replied "No."

2. Margaret Truman in England.—The arrival of the daughter of the President of the United States, a £35,000-a-year singer with a career of her own and a winning personality, coincided with the visit of the King of Norway. Miss Truman was a guest at Buckingham Palace and a guest at Chartwell, where Mr. Churchill showed her round his house and farm. She saw the South Bank Exhibition, took tea with the Archbishop of Canterbury, and visited the St. James's Theatre to see Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier in Shaw's *Cæsar and Cleopatra*. In fact, Miss Truman did the rounds of London in June, and made herself thoroughly agreeable in the midst of a most agreeable time. "Singing," she told the Press, "has been the only career I ever seriously considered. My parents and I were doing something about it long before we dreamed the White House would be our address." Miss Truman, after meeting the Queen at a week-end garden party, left London for The Hague on June 11 at the start of a short Continental tour.

3. Mr. Nubar Sarkiss Gulbenkian.—This distinguished-looking man of business was in the news last week owing to his sudden dismissal from the post of honorary Commercial Attaché to the Persian Embassy in London. He is the son of the Persian multi-millionaire oil king, Mr. Calust Gulbenkian, who was also dismissed from his post of honorary Commercial Attaché to the Persian Legation in Paris. Mr. Nubar Gulbenkian was educated at Harrow and Cambridge.

4. Modified Martial Law in Bolivia.—President Urriolagoitia has resigned and a military junta has taken over control of the Government at La Paz. The junta is headed by General Hugo Balivian, who, although the situation appeared to be peaceful, proclaimed a state of modified martial law. He issued a manifesto declaring "the Army will not let Communism thrive in Bolivia." The manifesto stated that Urriolagoitia had resigned voluntarily. Despite the statement regarding Communism it seemed that the real enemies of the junta, to which President Urriolagoitia had turned over the Government, were really the Neo-Fascists, the members of the so-called National Revolutionary Movement (the M.N.R.), which since 1946 has been directed from exile by Victor Paz Estenssoro. This forty-three-year-old college professor has not been permitted to enter Bolivia for five years, ever since the day, in fact, when his chief, President Vilaroel, was hanged from a lamppost by the Bolivian people. Paz Estenssoro escaped to Argentina. Last winter he announced that he would run for President of Bolivia, and in the May elections he actually obtained the largest number of votes, gaining more than 45 per cent of the 120,000 votes cast. As a result, the atmosphere in the Bolivian capital was electric, nearly everyone was expecting the M.N.R. to stage a *coup d'état*. It was then that President Urriolagoitia brought in the junta, and, in their hands, at the time of writing, this uneasy matter rests.

5. In Defence of MacArthur.—Admiral Forrest P. Sherman, Chief of U.S. Naval Operations, was a dramatic witness before the Joint Senate Armed Services Foreign Relations Committee in Washington, where the investigation of the dismissal of General of the Army Douglas MacArthur has dragged on interminably and alarmingly. Admiral Sherman told the Committee that Communist China is "vulnerable" to naval blockade, and would have to turn to Russia for the bulk of her war supplies if a blockade were enforced by the United Nations. MacArthur has advocated such a blockade of the China coast as part of his programme for the Korean War, and it would seem that his policies for the Pacific, as opposed to those of Mr. Dean Acheson, the Secretary of State, are winning the day in Washington. In fact, the strategic demands of the Generals and the political clamour of the Republican opposition, have proved too much for Mr. Acheson, who, among other things, has had to desert his policy on Formosa. Mr. Acheson has held up to now that Formosa's loss would not seriously damage the strategic interests of the United States, and that the United States was not in any way committed to save Formosa. Now arms and ammunition are being pumped faster than ever into Chiang's last bastion, or, as some prefer to call it, the springboard for a Nationalist offensive.

6. The Re-emergence of Marshal Malinowsky.—The soldier who led the Soviet drive through Hungary into Austria in 1944-45 is said to be in command of the vast Communist International Army now massing in Manchuria. The army of about 800,000 men is thought to be made up of twelve Chinese infantry divisions, four Russian divisions, three North Korean divisions and a Japanese brigade. Also included are volunteers from China, North Korea and the European satellites. Malinowsky was born in Odessa in 1899. He served in the First World War and was a corporal when in 1917 he joined the revolutionaries. He returned to Russia and became an officer of the Red Army. Despite a short spell of retirement he rose to the rank of Major-General and, in 1939, was in command of the Soviet 6th Army. His forces fought a delaying action on the Dnieper in 1941, and he defeated the German efforts to relieve Stalingrad in 1942.

7 and 8. Remer and Stern.—The Neo-Nazis and the would-be Führers are coming to the fore again in Germany, among them Ernst Remer, former Major-General, who has just been sentenced to four-months imprisonment for slandering the Bonn Government, and Eberhard Stern, leader of the Neo-Nazis in Berlin. Recently a court at Verdun, near Bremen, heard that Remer had accused Chancellor Adenauer and his Ministers of being mere servants of the Western Allies. A few weeks ago a group of Berlin students invaded the home of Eberhard Stern, hung his party flag out of the window and burnt it, together with propaganda pamphlets. The programme of Stern's party is similar to the West-German Socialist Reich party, headed by Remer. The flag of Stern's party resembles closely the flag which symbolised the Nazi party.

IN KEEPING WITH TIME-HONOURED TRADITION THE GRADUATES AT THE U.S. MILITARY ACADEMY AT WEST POINT THROW THEIR HATS IN THE AIR AT A FAREWELL GATHERING OF THE 152ND CLASS IN THE GYMNASIUM, WHEN THE CHIEF SPEAKER WAS THE SECRETARY OF DEFENCE, GENERAL OF THE ARMY GEORGE C. MARSHALL : Out of an entry of 615 cadets, 475 survived the course, and now 318 of them pass out as 2nd Lieutenants in the United States Army and 117 as 2nd Lieutenants in the United States Air Force. Five thousand relatives and friends of the graduates crowded the gymnasium to hear General Marshall speak on the citizen army and to see the cadets receive their diplomas.

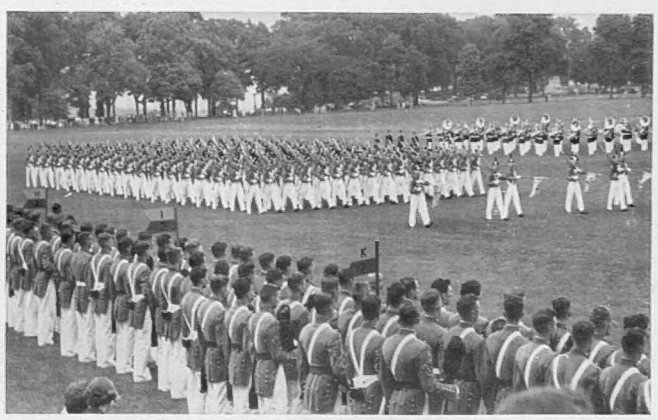
GRADUATION DAY AT WEST POINT

Cheers for the New Second Lieutenants at America's Famed Military Academy

On the right bank of the Hudson, fifty miles from the hurly-burly of New York, in a sylvan setting overlooking the great river, is the United States Military Academy of West Point, the training-ground of the 2nd Lieutenants of the U.S. Army and Air Force. It would be quite improper to allude to it as the Sandhurst of America, for West Point has a tradition and a spirit of its own, and has produced some of the finest fighting soldiers of modern times.

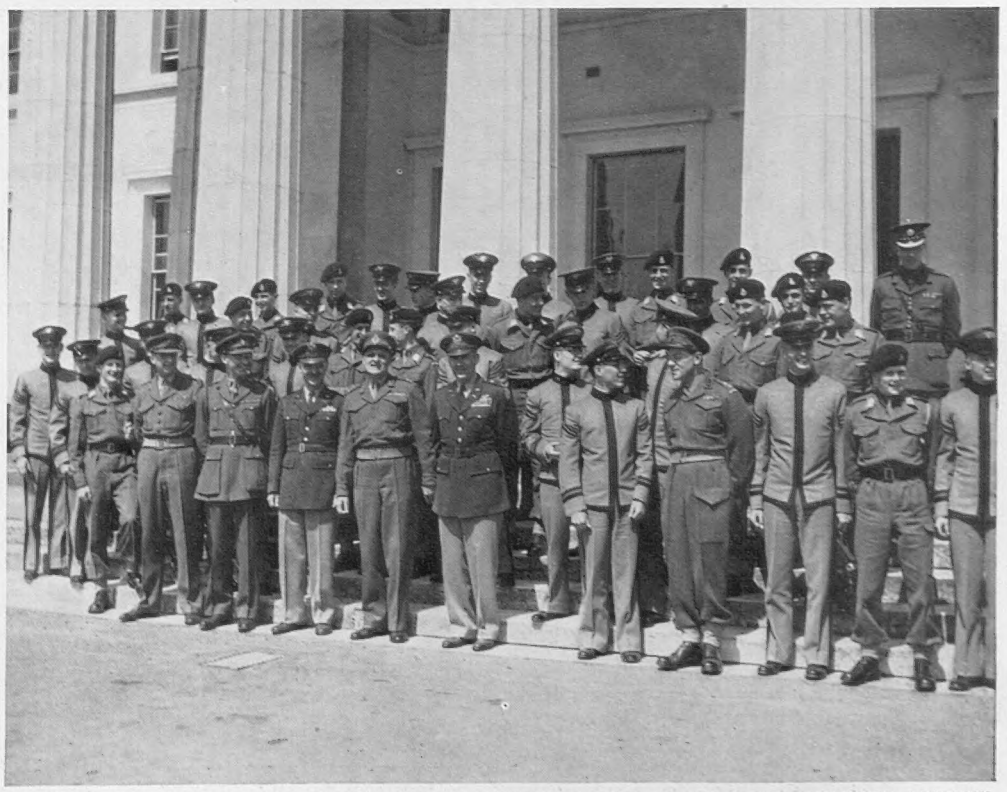
Last week, at one of the biggest graduation parades of the century, 475 cadets of the 152nd class made their bow to General of the Army George C. Marshall on the rostrum in the gymnasium at West Point, and as they came up in turn to receive their diplomas there were the traditional cheers. A full-throated effort from the audience of 5,000 greeted the Top Man of the Class, Gordon E. Danforth, of Green Hills, Ohio ; there was another for Dan Foldberg, of Dallas, Texas, the star of recent Army football teams ; another for Hoyt Sanford Vandenburg, Jnr., son of the Air Chief of Staff, and most enthusiastic of all perhaps was the applause for the Anchor Man, the whipper-in, Jerry S. Ingram, of Muskogee, Oklahoma, the man "who just made it." As Ingram reached the rostrum, General Marshall rose to congratulate him personally, and the beaming 2nd Lieutenant returned to his place kissing the coveted diploma. In a forthright speech General Marshall spoke of the place of the Army in a democracy. Addressing the cadets he declared : "You will find it exceedingly difficult at times to compose the democratic procedures of this country with the military pattern which you feel to be necessary."

Continuing on the main theme of his talk General Marshall said : "Our whole system is built on a great citizen Army and out of this, of course, come antagonisms, frictions and certainly a cloud of misrepresentations." General Marshall ruefully recalled the "tumultuous demobilisation" of the Second World War, which, he declared, left the nation in a position of "virtual military impotence"



FACETS OF GRADUATION CEREMONIAL AT WEST POINT : *Left*—General Hoyt S. Vandenburg, Chief of Staff of the U.S. Air Force, makes a spontaneous gesture of fatherly pride as he leans forward to congratulate his son, Hoyt Sanford Vandenburg, Jnr., after the latter had stepped down from the rostrum where he received his diploma. *Centre*—Members of the graduation class lined up on the lawns of West Point to watch the Corps of Cadets march past in their honour. *Right*—General of the Army George C. Marshall, the Secretary of Defence, shaking hands with Gordon E. Danforth, the top man of the class, as he handed him his diploma of graduation.

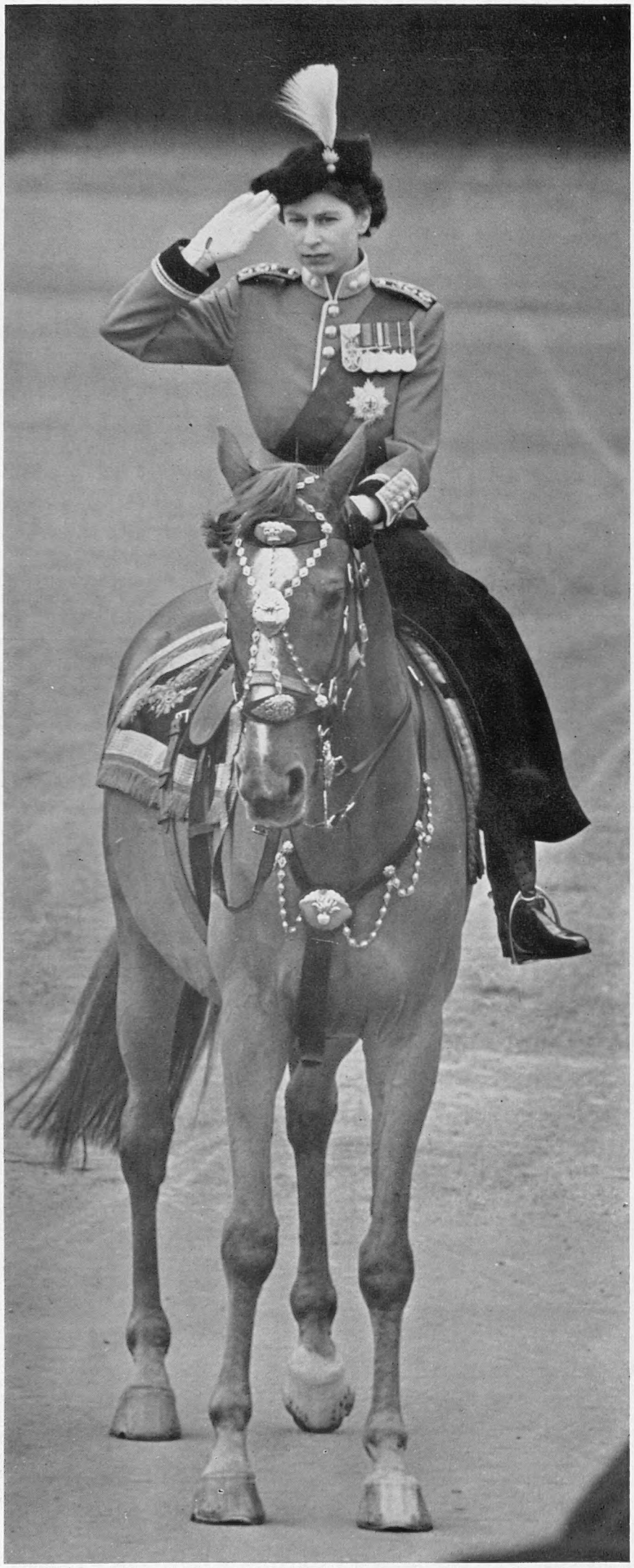
AN EXCHANGE VISIT
WEST POINT CADETS ARRIVE AT SANDHURST



MEMBERS OF THE AMERICAN MILITARY ACADEMY AT WEST POINT, TWO OFFICERS AND TWENTY-FOUR CADETS, PAY AN EXCHANGE VISIT TO THE ROYAL MILITARY ACADEMY, SANDHURST : *Left*—Two Sandhurst cadets accompany two West Point cadets to their quarters at Sandhurst, following their arrival at the start of their twenty-day visit. The four cadets are : Cadet Bill Stevens, of Somerset ; Cadet Warren Hayford, of Alexandria, Virginia ; Cadet Clive Selleck, also of Alexandria ; and Cadet Dion Beard, of Camberley, Surrey. *Right*—West Point and Sandhurst officers and cadets grouped together on the steps of the Military Academy. Standing in the front row, fifth from left, is Major-General David Dawnay, Commandant of the Academy. During their stay in England the West Point visitors went to London for the Trooping the Colour ceremony. There were also visits to the Royal Air Force at Cranwell, the Royal Marines at Eastney, and to Portsmouth Dockyard.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH TAKES THE SOVEREIGN'S SALUTE

A MEMORABLE KING'S BIRTHDAY PARADE OF THE BRIGADE OF GUARDS: TROOPING THE COLOUR ON THE HORSE GUARDS



PRINCESS ELIZABETH, COLONEL OF THE GRENADIER GUARDS, WHO IN THE ABSENCE OF THE KING, WHO HAD BEEN ORDERED A MONTH'S REST ON MEDICAL ADVICE, TOOK THE SALUTE AT THE KING'S BIRTHDAY PARADE OF THE BRIGADE OF GUARDS: The Princess wore a scarlet tunic, a dark-blue riding-skirt, and a tricorne replica of a hat worn by a Colonel of the Grenadiers more than 200 years ago. From Buckingham Palace along the Mall to the parade-ground the Princess rode side-saddle on Winston, a light-chestnut police horse, and she won the admiration of the large crowds by the worthy manner in which she represented the King.

AN OUTING FOR PRINCE CHARLES: Seated between the Queen and Princess Margaret he drove back to the Palace after witnessing the ceremony on Horse Guards Parade. The Prince followed the ceremonial with a torrent of eager questions.

From the day when the Pope blessed the standard which William the Conqueror bore at Hastings, the King's Colour has always been a rallying point for the King's men, and gradually evolved from that incident is the wonderful ritual now employed by the Guards when Trooping the Colour on the Monarch's official birthday, a ritual which makes it England's most brilliant display of military pageantry. Last week's ceremony on the vast square of the Horse Guards Parade was of very special significance, for Princess Elizabeth, as Heir-presumptive to the Throne, and in the absence of the King, took the Sovereign's salute at a ceremony watched by the Queen, Queen Mary, Princess Margaret, Prince Charles, the King of Norway and Princess Astrid of Norway.

Princess Elizabeth is Colonel, Grenadier Guards, and last week the Colour trooped was the new King's Colour of the 3rd Battalion of her Regiment, which last month she had presented on behalf of the King, the Colonel-in-Chief. This Battalion accordingly furnished the Escort and Number 2 Guard.

Princess Elizabeth, a woman alone as the central figure of this great military occasion, showed perfect poise and composure throughout an exacting hour on parade. Her progress from the Palace as she led the Household Cavalry to the Horse Guards, was accompanied by a crescendo of cheering. As the Princess arrived on the parade-ground, she saluted the Queen, Queen Mary and King Haakon. Throughout the ceremony the Princess was escorted by the Duke of Gloucester. She had effortless control of her mount Winston. The chestnut hardly moved as the Guards' bands played and the orders echoed back from the walls of the Admiralty building. A morning of brilliant sunshine accompanied by cooling winds marked the event, which was undoubtedly a relief for all concerned on parade.

STANDING IN THE GATEWAY OF BUCKINGHAM PALACE PRINCESS ELIZABETH WATCHES THE MARCH-PAST OF THE GUARDS: Above her on the Palace balcony were other members of the Royal family, and among them H.M. King Haakon of Norway.

E IMPRE IVE MOMENTS OF THE MARCH-PAST ON HORSE GUARDS PARADE—PRINCESS ELIZABETH AT THE SALUTING-BASE, WITH THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, MOUNTED ON A GRE HORSE, STANDING A PACE OR TWO BEHIND HER: After the inspection, the Guards—Grenadiers, Scots and Coldstreamers, each seventy-six strong—marched past, first i slow time and then in quick time. Massed bands of the Brigade of Guards led the march back to the Palace along the gaily decorated Mall.

E PAGEANTRY AT THE PALACE—PRINCESS ELIZABETH AT THE GATES AS THE BANDS HEADED THE MARCH-PAST: At this juncture a vast crowd had gathered in the Mall, and later, when the ceremonial was over, they thronged forward to the gates of the Palace, occupying the whole space round the Victoria Memorial. The Princess afterwards joined members of the Royal family and King Haakon on the Palace balcony, and together they saw the fly-past of ninety-six Vampire and Meteor jet fighters.

The CENTURY'S THIRD DAMOCLEAN SUMMER

Months of Precariousness and Suspense Confront the World

By FERDINAND TUOHY

TWICE the poised sword of destiny fell "in our time"—in the high summers of 1914 and 1939. Will it fall again when the harvest is in in 1951?

This may sound a stark, even brutal, way of beginning things, yet it represents a faithful enough reproduction of thoughts passing through minds senior in years. It wasn't so long ago that we were being told 1952 would be the crucial year ("when the Russians might consider they had sufficient atom bombs"). But none other than General Eisenhower has since pointed to the current year as being the decisive one, and he is by no means alone in thinking so.

I shall not go into reasons. Some of the things that need to be said in that line, to inform the Russians, are being said on very high authority before the Senate Commission in Washington—surely the most extraordinary performance of its kind in national-security annals, and one which, I keep on hoping, is shot through with calculated, high-quality deception and misleading—"foxing"—of the potential foe.

The Supreme Commander knows the reasons, and so, I should imagine, does Mr. Paul Hoffman, who administered the most difficult phases of the Marshall Plan. Mr. Hoffman thinks that if we round February next, we may be in the straight for peace, but to back up his conclusion he came out the same week with a short book in which he hammered in that we must keep unitedly and intelligently at it on all fronts—military, economic, political and psychological.

Inevitably, then, the present summer recalls those two previous summers of this century whose precariousness and suspense ended in world war, and the casting back in the mind's eye as inevitably leads to a comparison of mood and morale, comprehension and concern, interest and insouciance, cynicism and fatalism, then and now.

Thirty-seven years is a long while. It means, I suppose, that no one under fifty can clearly recall the temper and tone prevalent that summer. Considered from to-day, they belonged basically to the nineteenth century. The crisis which set in on June 24 was an affair for the diplomats and, did things go wrong, for the Navy and the Regulars (hardly anyone reckoned in Trenchard's little few). If any civilian ever thought in those summer days that he 'd be drawn in, I never met him.

In the "popular" sense it was not a crisis at all until the last week. The main cause of this was the fact that Germany kept in the background. It was all Austria and a Balkan crisis, and the public had been satiated with trouble from that quarter by two Balkan wars in swift succession. This would probably mean a third!

In any case, the Kaiser was a rumbustious joke who 'd been around for years.

And who were these Austrians, anyway, who 'd been assassinated? That was precisely what was asked "up river" that Sunday in June, when a special edition told of Sarejevo. For remember—very important—we had no broadcasting to give us the jumps. We read things leisurely by the column. While some of us pondered what the Ballplatz and the Wilhelmstrasse might do next, the many showed far more interest in Gunboat Smith and Carpentier, who were shortly to fight at Olympia, than in Bethmann-Hollwegg and Berchtold.

In London, at any rate, Elsie Janis and Basil Hallam were names more often heard than those of the men who were giving the last "shot" to the old diplomacy. Without knowing it, we were attending at the death of Victorian-Edwardian London, and it went to the strains of *The Passing Show* at the Palace, and the last of Earl's Court.

Over in Paris the public was completely immersed in the trial of Madame Caillaux for killing an editor who had published love-letters to her from Caillaux, written before she married the ex-Premier. There, too, it was the last of *La Belle Époque*, nostalgic memories of which are currently such a vogue in the *boîtes* of Paris. President Poincaré was very appositely visiting the Czar and had to come back in a hurry—like masses of Britons who had crossed to the Continent, as usual, for their holidays.

Revelation came about July 27 with two placards: "Europe Mobilising" and "Germany Backs Austria." The fateful sword swung above our heads for a few short days only, and even so, with not a thought of air war. The last day of the old world—Saturday, August 2—was like a rowdy school break-up. Germans packed the West End prior to sailing home on the morrow. I was sent out to write the scenes of that explosion. Two opposing incidents remain perennially vivid: a German marching processionally in Jermyn Street, holding a drawn sword before him, and the chairing of a boozy Redcoat by the statue of Eros.

In the summer of 1939 the public were conscious of risk and peril over a much longer period than twenty-five years before. The two preludes showed marked differences. Civilians knew in 1939 that they'd be in it as much as the bulk of troops on active service. They had had "total war" drummed into them. They had been through a "war of nerves."

They had become fully aware of the impact of Hitler and Mussolini on their personal lives. They might laugh off the Duce, but not Hitler, nor the pair together. Shock treatment on the wireless had had its effect, also the newsreels of "that man" haranguing like some evil spirit let loose and as much at war with himself as with others.

Discussing this matter, a friend who was in London all along said: "The real shock was Godesberg time, end of September 1938, when they started digging funk trenches overnight in the parks and squares and dishing out gas-masks."

Very well, though that "Czech" crisis speedily led into the cool pastures of bogus agreement (Oh, what a sigh went up in London and Paris when Chamberlain and Daladier flew in on the wings of their respective doves!).

By early October peace pledges were going stronger than ever. But when March came round, and Mr. Chamberlain felt constrained to admit that he had been cheated by Hitler's action at Prague . . . from March on, through that summer twelve years ago, there was a constant feeling in the air that destiny had spoken.

As the Good Friday sneak conquest of Albania led on to the manufactured Nazi heart-cry for Danzig, as "the man's" patience became more exhausted each week-end, a nervous desire to do, see, live, if not a light-headed gaiety, seized upon the public of several lands.

This hysterical note was nourished by something new in Damoclean periods: knowledge that a Fifth Column of one's own people awaited the likely enemy with the intention of throwing in their lot with him. If anyone had dreamt up such a state of affairs in 1914, he 'd have been regarded as half-way to Hanwell.

Yet another change from a generation earlier was the combination of dejection, resignation and cynicism that had come from the failure of the League, successfully sabotaged after twenty years of striving.

That last climactic Ribbentrop-Molotov week at the end of August, and so passed to the sound of the sirens what those now in their prime regard as the Happy 'Thirties.

Two sweeping novelties dominate the situation in 1951, viewed beside 1914 and 1939. The Kaiser never had an inkling of cold war. Nor was Hitler's nerve war, efficacious as it proved in some latitudes, more than a pale forerunner of Stalin's long-headed calculations and tactics under a variety of heads, to be realised regardless of the time factor by an army of millions littered round the universe.

It is open to question, which is the more upsetting: the constant gnawing of cold war, or the threat of the atom bomb, that other transforming innovation, whose capacity for striking terror is somewhat mitigated by the widespread wishful thinking along the lines of "they didn't use gas in the last war." What brooks no questioning is that this third Damoclean summer of the twentieth century leaves its predecessors well behind in the matter of sustained anxiety and suspense.

Neither in 1914 nor in 1939 was there anything remotely comparable with the current position of West Europeans being told they 're too weak to stand a chance, and not knowing whether they may be overrun from one week to the next by mere hordes responding like automata, and at the same time "taken over" by compact, fanatical millions of their own peoples.

Neither in 1914 nor in 1939 was the public mind beset by anything approaching the horror induced by thought of an atom bomb dropped on a European city.

The remarkable thing to me is that people are carrying on . . . well, so un-abnormally, and so are they are capable of throwing themselves into more than average enjoyment of life. Nerves, hysteria again? Escapism? "We can't do anything about it—so what?" Yes, no doubt. Plus a full measure of numbness thrown in this time. People's minds have been so thumped that they no longer respond emotionally, or, for that matter, mentally, as once they did. I suppose, too, that growing daily cares mark off a large number from worrying on the larger plane.

If 1951 should be "it," posterity will note how London held festival, and Paris celebrated her 2,000th birthday; how tourists thronged abroad as never before; how much more wrapped up in football, film stars, crosswords, comic strips, and motor chit-chat, was the rank and file of the great democracies, than in international politics and the course of the cold war.

Odd to note how this summer of suspense acts upon different types of people. How pessimism works, for instance. Some lose their bearings and fling off into any old kind of behaviour. Others successfully banish the thought, and it is a remarkable fact that what many will call wisdom, is most frequently to be noted among young people. And it isn't selfishness, either.

The idea uppermost is to go ahead with their examinations, their careers, the contemporary evolution of the profession or calling they have chosen, while perfectly well aware that the whole caboodle may be blown out of their hands any morning. But, meanwhile, if you broach the possible imminence of war, the answer you 'll get, as likely as not, is "I 'm not concerned with that."

Some, it is true, carry things too far, their one thought and prayer being that their little job, lab, corner, may escape, and let the rest of the world burn!

Odd, too, how mood changes in this capital and that. Broadly speaking, London doesn't believe it will happen. Brussels breathes that it 's used to occupations and will weather a Soviet one, like the others. Romans blandly tell you that they have the impression of being spectators, not being allowed to take any actively shaping part in events. Paris likes to linger on the thought that ever since the Beresina (save for that regrettable Crimean affair) France and Russia have been side by side. Though not a few Parisians have also thought of passports for Spain.

> "Russian armoured columns entered the British Zone near Luneberg at dawn this morning. Reports so far to hand say no counter-action has yet been taken and that the German population has been undemonstrative. An unconfirmed message gave the deepest point of penetration at 6 a.m. as thirty miles from the zonal demarcation line."

This year? Next year? Never?

JOHN FOSTER DULLES IN LONDON—MR. TRUMAN'S REPUBLICAN ADVISER ON FOREIGN AFFAIRS AND AMBASSADOR-AT-LARGE SEEN IN LONDON WITH MR. HERBERT MORRISON, SECRETARY OF STATE FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS: Their conversations at the Foreign Office ranged far and wide, from raw materials to the Japanese Peace Treaty and the Persian oil situation. While in London Mr. Dulles also saw the Prime Minister, Mr. Attlee. At a Press conference Mr. Dulles declared in relation to the Japanese Peace Treaty: "The predominant view among the Allied Powers is that they should rely on a system of security, which will include the stationing of American troops in and about Japan to prevent Japanese rearmament becoming a menace."

THE VISIT TO LONDON OF H.M. KING HAAKON VII OF NORWAY

A SPECIAL SECTION OF "THE SPHERE" ILLUSTRATING THE KING'S ARRIVAL IN THE THAMES AND EVENTS DURING HIS STAY AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE

THE ROYAL PROCESSION ON THE THAMES—THE PROGRESS OF KING HAAKON VII IN THE ROYAL BARGE FROM THE POOL OF LONDON, WHERE HE DISEMBARKED FROM HIS YACHT "NORGE," UP TO WESTMINSTER PIER, WHERE HE WAS MET BY THE QUEEN, PRINCESS ELIZABETH, DUCHESS OF EDINBURGH, PRINCESS MARGARET AND THE DUCHESS OF KENT: Seated beside King Haakon in the Royal barge was the Duke of Gloucester, who, deputising for the King, met King Haakon in the *Norge*. *Inset on left*—King Haakon saluting from the barge as he arrived at Westminster Pier.

On a day of brilliant June sunshine, King Haakon VII of Norway arrived in the Thames on June 5 in his Royal yacht *Norge*, an event recorded in last week's issue of THE SPHERE. A twenty-one-gun salute heralded the King's arrival off Sheerness at the start of his four-day official visit, and a forty-one-gun salute was fired from the Tower of London when the *Norge* came through Tower Bridge and made fast at the buoys. At the Tower, King Haakon was met by the Duke of Gloucester and then, to the accompaniment of a siren salute from ships in the Pool and the cheers of those who lined the river, they journeyed upstream to Westminster Pier, passing en route the thronged embankment of the South Bank Exhibition. On this and the following pages of THE SPHERE is a special pictorial record of King Haakon's official visit.

THE KING OF NORWAY DISEMBARKS AT WESTMINSTER PIER, AND AFTER STEPPING ASHORE, KISSES THE HAND OF THE QUEEN, WHO STANDS WAITING TO GREET HIM: Behind King Haakon, the Duke of Gloucester is seen stepping from the Royal barge, wearing the ceremonial blue uniform of Colonel of the Scots Guards. Standing behind the Queen are seen Princess Elizabeth, Duchess of Edinburgh, and Princess Margaret. After greetings had been exchanged, the Royal party mounted to the Embankment, where troops received them with a Royal Salute and a Guards band played the Norwegian National Anthem.

KING HAAKON WITH THE PRINCESSES: Princess Elizabeth curtseys to the King at Westminster Pier. The Queen wore pink, with a hat of the same colour trimmed with osprey. Princess Elizabeth's dress was of yellow silk, and Princess Margaret wore a dress of crushed strawberry silk.

THE KING OF NORWAY INSPECTS THE GUARD OF HONOUR DRAWN UP ON THE EMBANKMENT ABOVE WESTMINSTER PIER: King Haakon passing along the ranks of the Guards, followed by the Duke of Gloucester. After the inspection, King Haakon and the Duke took their places with the Queen in the first carriage in the procession, and then began the drive through thronged streets to Buckingham Palace. Men from all the Services lined the route.

KING HAAKON DRIVES TO THE PALACE

After Journeying From the Pool of London to Westminster by Royal Barge

For Londoners, the arrival in their midst of King Haakon of Norway was the renewal of an old association, for in the perilous years of war the Norwegian King endeared himself to all when he worked over here for the Allied cause, together with his Government in exile. King Haakon is linked with our own Royal family by ties of marriage. It was in 1896, in the presence of Queen Victoria, that he was married at Buckingham Palace to Princess Maud, daughter of Edward VII. King Haakon, who will celebrate his eightieth birthday in August of next year, was born at Charlottenbund Palace, Denmark, the second son of King Frederick VIII and Queen Louise of Denmark. In 1905 he was elected King of Norway, after that country, which had been linked with Sweden since 1814, had reasserted its independence. Until that time, the King's interests had lain entirely in the Danish Navy, in which he reached the rank of Captain.

Nothing could have been more fitting than the manner of this sailor King's arrival in England last week, with first the journey up the Thames in the yacht *Norge*, the gift of his grateful people, and then the journey by barge to Westminster Pier. It was a splendid and memorable sight as the King made his progress along the Thames, and thousands lined the north and south banks to cheer the Royal visitor, and there were thousands more on the route to Buckingham Palace. The only note of regret on this brilliant occasion was that illness prevented King George from appearing in person to welcome his Royal uncle back to the capital city where they both shared the perils of war with the people of London.

On the evening of King Haakon's arrival, after the King had paid a visit to the Tomb of the Unknown Warrior in Westminster Abbey, there was a banquet at Buckingham Palace, at which Princess Elizabeth read on her father's behalf a speech proposing the health of the Norwegian King. In this speech King George declared: "During your long reign of nearly forty-six years you have won the deepest love and respect not only of your own people but of all their friends and allies, not least among them myself and my people. For five long years of war you were our guest in this country, sharing our dangers, our disappointments and our hopes until the day of victory finally dawned. During those years your Majesty and your people showed the world that the fighting spirit of the Norsemen was still very much alive. This spirit was displayed by the Norwegian soldiers, sailors and airmen who served so gallantly, under the Crown Prince as their Commander-in-Chief, alongside our own, and who were, I think, the first Norwegian forces to serve in this country since King Harald Hardrada's invasion in 1066.

"Your fighting qualities were displayed no less by those Norwegians who remained in Norway and, throughout the war, resisted the invader by all the means at their disposal."

THE ROYAL PROCESSION ENTERS ST. JAMES'S PARK EN ROUTE TO THE MALL AND BUCKINGHAM PALACE: The leading carriage, in which the Queen drove with King Haakon and the Duke of Gloucester, was drawn by six of the Windsor greys, accompanied by outriders in scarlet, and followed by a Sovereign's Escort. The second carriage, drawn by four horses, was that of the Princesses, who were accompanied by the Master of the Horse, the Duke of Beaufort. The route from Westminster Pier lay down Whitehall and through the Horse Guards Arch, afterwards crossing the parade-ground to enter the great processional way, which was bedecked with the Norwegian colours.

ON AN AFTERNOON OF BRILLIANT SUNSHINE THEY DROVE FROM WESTMINSTER PIER TO BUCKINGHAM PALACE: The Queen accompanying King Haakon on the drive through Whitehall to St. James's Park and the Palace. King George, who was convalescing from his recent attack of influenza, received King Haakon in his apartments at the Palace.

PLACING A WREATH ON THE GRAVE OF THE UNKNOWN WARRIOR: King Haakon bending over the tomb to lay the wreath between the twin candlesticks.

NORWAY'S KING IN LONDON

A ROUND OF VISITS DURING KING HAAKON'S FOUR-DAY STAY AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE

Visits to the Royal Tournament and the South Bank Exhibition, attendance on Horse Guards Parade at the King's Birthday Parade, a private luncheon with the Lord Mayor of London, and dinner parties at Buckingham Palace and the Norwegian Embassy, marked King Haakon's official visit to London, which ended on Friday of last week. There was brilliant sunshine throughout these days of pageantry, and the King saw the metropolis in all the glory of its June foliage. The Mall, in particular, was a riot of colour, with the red, white and blue Norwegian emblems contrasting strikingly with the deep green of the trees along the processional way which the King followed on his arrival and on several occasions during his visit. The dinner at the Norwegian Embassy was a particularly notable occasion. King Haakon received his thirty-five guests in the candle-lit ground-floor salon, the room in which he held his wartime Cabinet meetings. Later, he escorted the Queen into the green-walled dining-room, with its oil paintings of the Norwegian fjords. On the following night (the same day as the Trooping the Colour) King Haakon dined with the Queen at Buckingham Palace. Included among the guests were the American Ambassador and Mrs. Gifford, and Miss Margaret Truman, daughter of the President of the United States.

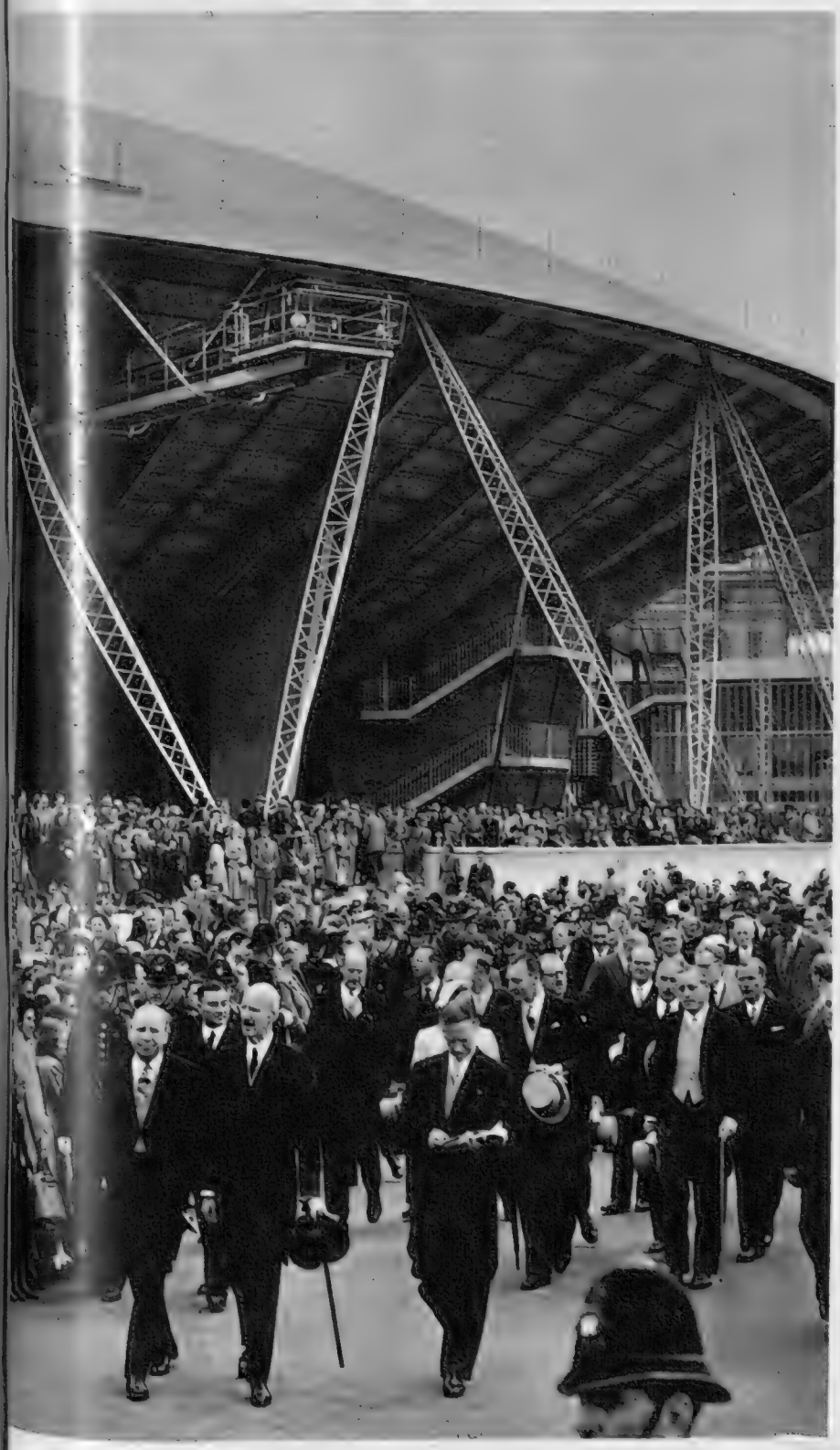
KING HAAKON, ACCOMPANIED BY QUEEN ELIZABETH, ARRIVES FOR THE OPENING OF THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT AT EARL'S COURT: The King inspecting the triple guard of honour drawn from the Royal Navy, the Army and the Air Force before taking his place in the Royal box. This was on the second day of King Haakon's official visit to London. Walking behind the King is Princess Astrid of Denmark, his granddaughter, who was also a guest at the Palace during the King's stay.

On right—

A DISPLAY OF HIGHLAND DANCING AT THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT: This was one of the big events on the programme seen by King Haakon when he attended the opening performance at Earl's Court. When the King entered the Royal box the Norwegian National Anthem was played, followed by our own National Anthem. Towards the close of the impressive display, the massed bands of the Royal School of Music played "Here's a Health Unto His Majesty," a sentiment all associated in heartfelt manner with the absence of King George.

ARRIVING AT THE NORWEGIAN EMBASSY FOR THE DINNER, AT WHICH KING HAAKON ENTERTAINED THE QUEEN AND OTHER MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY: *Left*—Her Majesty the Queen waving through the window of her car. *Left centre*—King Haakon, who rode beside his granddaughter, Princess Astrid (*right, centre*), a student at Oxford. *Right*—Princess Elizabeth arriving at the Embassy. The company at dinner also included the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Prime Minister and Mr. Winston Churchill.

KING HAAKON ON BUCKINGHAM PALACE BALCONY—AFTER THE TROOPING THE COLOUR THE KING OF NORWAY APPEARED BEFORE THE VAST CROWDS GATHERED BELOW: STANDING IN COMPANY WITH THE QUEEN, QUEEN MARY AND PRINCESS ELIZABETH: Earlier on, King Haakon had seen Princess Elizabeth, as heir to the throne, take her father's place at the Trooping the Colour ceremony. The Princess's tricorne hat, with a white plume, was an exact copy of that of a colonel of the Regiment in 1745.



KING HAAKON AT THE SOUTH BANK EXHIBITION: *Above*—The King with Sir Gerald Barry (left), Director General of the Festival, and Cecil Cooke, Director of Festival Exhibitions, during his ninety-minute tour of the site. *On left*—King Haakon outside the Dome of Discovery. The King's first visit was to the Power and Production Pavilion, where he watched the carpet, biscuit and printing machinery in action. The Royal party proceeded through the Transport Pavilion to the People of Britain Pavilion, where the King showed great interest in the story of our ancestry and the way of living in early Britain. After a brief visit to the Lion and Unicorn Pavilion the party reached the Festival Hall, where a welcome was given by Mr. J. W. Bowen, chairman of the L.C.C.

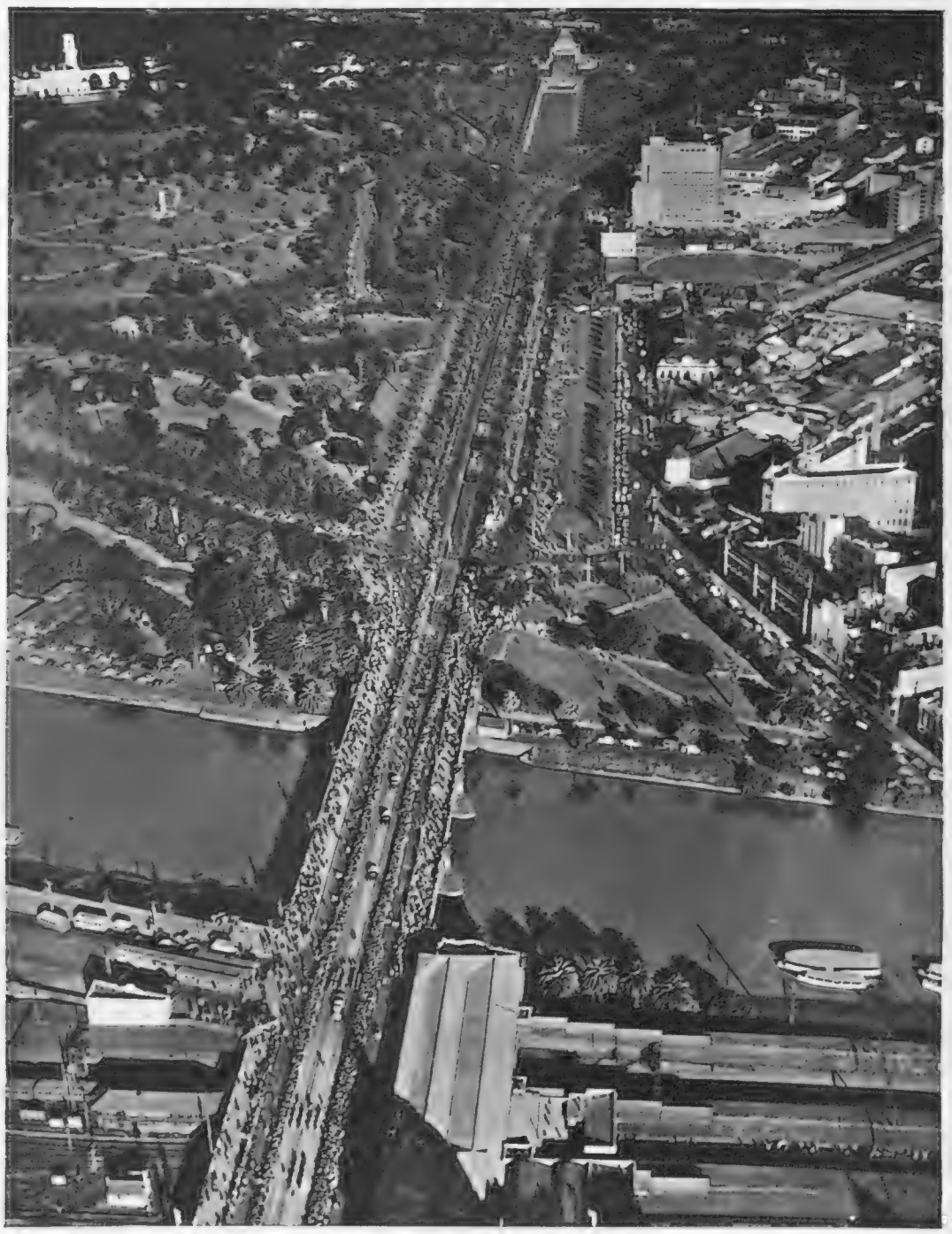
THE STATE FUNERAL OF LIEUTENANT BERNARD DE LATTRE DE TASSIGNY AND HIS TWO COMPANIONS WHO WERE KILLED RECENTLY IN THE FIGHTING AT NINHBINH, INDO-CHINA : Leaders of the three armed services and representatives of the French Government walking through the courtyard of the Invalides after attending the Mass which, at the request of Madame de Lattre was associated with the names of all Frenchmen who have died fighting in Indo-China. General de Lattre de Tassigny, the Commander-in-Chief in Indo-China, who returned home with his son's body, was one of the chief mourners, and among those who attended the service was the French Prime Minister, M. Queuille, and the Empress Nam Phumg of Viet Nam.

RANGING THE WORLD FOR HEADLINE NEWS

A PICTORIAL SURVEY OF EVENTS ON FOUR CONTINENTS

THE UNITED STATES AMBASSADOR IN GREECE INTERVENES IN THE DISPUTE OVER THE GREEK COURT : Mr. John E. Puerifoy, the American Envoy, talking with the Greek Prime Minister, Mr. Sophocles Venizelos (left), after the crisis had developed as a result of the resignation of Field Marshal Papagos as Commander-in-Chief of the Greek armed forces. The resignation arose because Field Marshal Papagos felt that the attitude of the Greek Court was inimical towards him. Mr. Puerifoy sought through the Prime Minister to persuade the aged and disgruntled hero of two wars to withdraw his resignation. Meanwhile there were dramatic developments at the Court, when all the members of King Paul's entourage, from Grand Chamberlain Dimitrius Levides down through the Queen's Ladies-in-Waiting to the Keeper of the King's stables, resigned in a body. Their joint resignation was at one and the same time a remarkable manifesto of loyalty to King Paul and appeared to be designed as a powerful inducement to Field Marshal Papagos to put aside his grievances. The Field Marshal, however, held to his purpose, and the matter has now been officially closed in a spirit of mutual respect. Both Field Marshal Papagos and Mr. Puerifoy have declared they are satisfied that the new leaders of the armed forces will maintain the standard set during the last two years.

COMMANDANT DE LA REY SPEAKS TO THE CROWD AND GETS A BIG CHEER : The veteran Boer leader, who is associated with Group Captain ("Sailor") Malan in the attack on Dr. Daniel Malan's administration and its attitude to the Cape Coloured Bill, seen addressing a vast gathering on Grand Parade, Cape Town, when ex-Servicemen sponsored a giant demonstration. Later De la Rey and "Sailor" Malan handed over to the party leaders at the Parliament House, Cape Town, a resolution urging the South African Government to seek a mandate from the country before it proceeds with its policies "which are so repugnant to so many people in the Union." Before the Cape Town demonstration ended, many missiles, including torches, were thrown at the police.



AUSTRALIA'S TRIBUTE TO A GREAT SOLDIER—A QUARTER OF A MILLION PEOPLE LINED THE SEVEN-MILE ROUTE OF THE STATE FUNERAL OF FIELD MARSHAL SIR THOMAS BLAMEY WHEN HIS BODY WAS CARRIED FROM THE SHRINE OF REMEMBRANCE, MELBOURNE, TO THE FAWKNER CREMATORIUM : *Left*—The cortege passing over Princes Bridge, Melbourne. *Right*—The gun-carriage leaving the Shrine of Remembrance, where the Governor-General of Australia, representing the King, had paid his last tribute. The pall-bearers were all Generals who had served under Sir Thomas during the Second World War. A nineteen-gun salute was fired after the committal service at Fawkner, where the Anglican Chaplain-General, the Bishop of Bendigo, officiated. During the last war, Sir Thomas Blamey was Deputy Commander-in-Chief in the Middle East under Lord Wavell, and later Commander-in-Chief of Allied Land Forces in Australia. One of the outstanding soldiers of the Australian Commonwealth, he first made an enviable reputation as a staff officer, and was selected by Sir John Monash as his Chief-of-Staff during the closing stages of the 1914–18 war. Under Wavell in the Second World War, Sir Thomas was in charge of the ill-fated expedition to Greece. His greatest services were in the reorganisation of Australian forces in the Pacific. His promotion to Field Marshal took place in 1950.

THE BEATIFICATION OF THE FIRST SUPREME PONTIFF SINCE THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY—POPE PIUS X IS BEATIFIED AT A CEREMONY HELD IN ST. PETER'S, ROME: *Left*—The scene in front of the Basilica of St. Peter's as the Pope addressed the multitude assembled in the Square during the ceremony in which His Holiness venerated the newly-beatified Pope. The actual ceremony of Beatification took place earlier inside St. Peter's in the presence of members of the College of Cardinals. Behind the altar which had been erected outside the door is seen the crystal coffin containing the embalmed body of Pope Pius X, while above the altar hangs a Gobelin tapestry with a painting of the Pope who died in 1914. The latter part of the ceremonies took place in the Square as the number of people wishing to attend was too large to enter the Cathedral. In his address before the Beatification ceremonies began, Pope Pius XII exalted the life and virtues of his illustrious predecessor. *On right*—St. Peter's and the Colonnade round the Square illuminated after the Beatification ceremonies.

TRAGEDY ON A FRENCH MOTOR RACE-TRACK—TWO OFFICIALS KILLED AND FIVE SPECTATORS SERIOUSLY INJURED AS A CAR PLUNGES INTO THE CROWD: The car, driven by Kenneth Dace, the British racing driver, crashed through the protective barricade at the edge of the track and went hurtling into the spectators during the race for the Golden Bowl at St. Germain-en-Laye. The accident occurred twenty minutes after the start of the race when Dace, driving an Aston Martin, lost control of his car while travelling at a speed of about 40 m.p.h. Dace was badly shaken.

TWO DIESEL-OPERATED FREIGHT TRAINS CRASH ON THE CHICAGO GREAT WESTERN RAILROAD ABOUT THREE MILES WEST OF ELIZABETH, ILLINOIS: The crash occurred on a Saturday morning when the power-unit of one Diesel-operated freight train failed and the train collided into a Diesel locomotive pulling 113 freight cars. One engineer, who was trapped in his cabin was badly injured.

MOVING A RIVER FROM THE SITE OF A NEW STEEL FACTORY IN CLEVELAND, OHIO: Workmen are seen constructing a channel for a sewer which will carry waste cooling-water from a new steel factory which is being built by the Republic Steel Corporation on the banks of the River Cuyanoca. At this point the course of the river is being moved 200 ft. to the west in order to provide more space for the factory which forms part of the nation's programme for a higher steel output. The cost of the expansion policy is in excess of 75,000,000 dollars. When the new factory goes into operation in 1952 it will have a 1,470-ton-per-day blast furnace; four 275-ton open-hearth furnaces; a 72-in. tandem cold reducing mill; and new soaking pits.

DROBNY SMASHES HIS WAY TO VICTORY IN THE FRENCH SINGLES CHAMPIONSHIP: The exiled Czech, who now plays as a representative of Egypt, seen shaking hands with Eric Sturgess (left) after his brilliant victory at the Roland Garros Stadium in Paris. In both the semi-final and the final Drobny was at the height of his form, his backhand being more consistent and better controlled than ever before. He also played a great many drop shots, some with such delicacy that the nonplussed Sturgess was left standing.

"READY FOR ANYTHING"

THE PARACHUTE MEN LEAVE FOR CYPRUS

Embarking at Portsmouth on the Light Fleet Carriers "Warrior" and "Triumph"

British parachute troops first went into action ten years ago when a small force was dropped in South Italy in an unsuccessful attempt to destroy a viaduct. Better success attended the newly-formed Parachute Regiment a year later in the raid on Bruneval, and also in the combined operations attack on St. Nazaire. In fact, the parachutists began to be an integral part of the British Army, and from the time of the African landings until the end of the war they rendered immense services to the Allied cause, not least in the struggle for the Anzio beachhead, and in the spearhead of the Allied invasion of Normandy.

Now the men of the 16th Independent Parachute Brigade are off to the Western Mediterranean to keep a watching brief from their Cyprus base on the troubled affairs of the Near and Middle East.

Before they left Albuhera Barracks, Aldershot, Field-Marshal Lord Montgomery addressed some of the units of the brigade, telling the men of the Latin motto which the King has approved for the regiment. The literal translation of the motto, *Utrimque paratus*, he said, is "Ready on Both Sides," but he suggested that the best translation of all was "Ready for Anything."

Lord Montgomery stated that in his opinion it was unlikely that the brigade would be back in England for at least a year. He added that he would make it his business to use his influence to see that the families the men left behind were looked after properly. Lord Montgomery told the men that The Parachute Regiment had become the "*corps d'élite* of the infantry."

On the day following the Field-Marshal's visit the 16th Independent Parachute Brigade Group moved by special trains from Aldershot to Portsmouth. As detachments of the brigade detrained at Portsmouth they were met by a Parachute Regiment band which played them to the dockyard. There were two bands and they took it in turns to lead detachments from the railway station to the place of embarkation. With them the parachute troops have taken their King's and Regimental Colours and their mascot Pegasus, a black pony, which is travelling in a horsebox on the flight-deck of the *Warrior*. Of the 3,500 officers, N.C.O.s and men in the group, only one man was reported absent.

MEN OF THE 16TH INDEPENDENT PARACHUTE BRIGADE GROUP PASSING H.M.S. "VICTORY" AS THEY MARCHED THROUGH PORTSMOUTH DOCKYARD TO EMBARK FOR A YEAR'S SPECIAL DUTY OVERSEAS: Nearly 3,000 officers and men embarked on *Warrior* and *Triumph*, two light fleet carriers, after arriving in five special trains from Aldershot and marching through Portsmouth with bands playing. About 30 per cent. of the men are National Service volunteers in the Parachute Regiment, who have had about four months' service. Their training, including parachuting, will be continued in Cyprus.

WAITING TO GO ABOARD THE CARRIERS AT PORTSMOUTH: Men of the 16th Independent Parachute Brigade on the quay, with one of the carriers seen in the background. *Below*—ALL ABOARD THE "WARRIOR": A section of parachutists going up the gangways. The man on the left is carrying both a Bren gun and a mortar. As the troops boarded the light fleet carriers they were immediately taken to hangars and allotted sleeping quarters.

THE PARATROOPS TAKE A MASCOT ABOARD THE "WARRIOR": The pony Pegasus, mascot of the 16th Independent Parachute Brigade, seen on the flight-deck wearing special non-slip overshoes. Pegasus is a 2½-year-old Welsh pony, and at first he did not take kindly to the idea of a sea trip. 5 cwt. of hay and straw were loaded in *Warrior* for Pegasus, who, incidentally, answers most readily to the name of Willie.

THE NEW OFFICES OF "THE SPHERE" AND ASSOCIATED PUBLICATIONS IN THE ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS GROUP: The imposing building at 195-198, Strand, which stands on the ground where *The Illustrated London News* was published from 1842 to 1905. The present building was bought at auction in September, 1945, and now, having been repaired of bomb damage, it becomes the headquarters of the group, accommodating the editorial and administrative offices of *The Sphere*, *The Illustrated London News*, *The Sketch*, *The Tatler & Bystander*, *Sport & Country* and *Britannia & Eve*.—*Specially drawn by Joseph Pike.*

THE NEW HOME OF "THE SPHERE"

Ingram House, in the Shadow of the Church of St. Clement Danes, Stands on a Spot Renowned in the Annals of Illustrated Journalism

At the corner of the Strand and Milford Lane, facing the bombed church of St. Clement Danes and not far from the junction with Fleet Street, are the new offices of THE SPHERE and sister publications, and from this building at 195-198, Strand, will be produced next week's issue of THE SPHERE. The building, now known as Ingram House, in memory of Herbert Ingram, the distinguished British journalist, formerly a Nottingham bookseller, has a place of honour in illustrated journalism, for it was in an earlier building on this site that the offices of *The Illustrated London News* were established in 1842, when that journal was first launched. Now *The Illustrated London News*, THE SPHERE, and the other journals in the Illustrated Newspapers Group, will all be published from 195-198, Strand, and a plaque on the main frontage records these early associations. What is now Ingram House was built in 1907 for the United Kingdom Provident Institution, to the design of Mr. Henry T. Hare, F.R.I.B.A., and it was opened in July, 1907, by Lord Oxford and Asquith (then the Rt. Hon. H. H. Asquith, M.P., Chancellor of the Exchequer, later to be one of Britain's wartime Prime Ministers). The property was damaged during the Second World War by flying-bombs, and was acquired by Illustrated Newspapers in 1945.

WHERE FLEET STREET CONTINUES INTO THE STRAND—THE VIEW FROM "THE SPHERE" OFFICES AT INGRAM HOUSE, LOOKING EASTWARDS PAST THE SHELL OF BLITZED ST. CLEMENT DANES CHURCH TOWARDS THE LAW COURTS: 195-198, Strand, suffered damage from flying bombs, and the repair of this fine building has taken some years.

LONDON

FROM THE NEW OFFICES OF "THE SPHERE"

Looking Across the Rooftops of Westminster and the City

THE "NEW GOTHIC" TURRETS OF THE LAW COURTS, WITH THE EAST END OF ST. CLEMENT DANES SEEN IN THE FOREGROUND: This part of London suffered severely in the blitz, for while the Law Courts came through comparatively unscathed, the Temple, Clifford's Inn, and the area round the Record Office were laid waste. It was at the eastern limit of this area in St. Bride's Street, that the pre-war offices of THE SPHERE were destroyed by bombing, necessitating the move to Commonwealth House during the war.

ON THE MAIN FRONTAGE OF INGRAM HOUSE: **This plaque records the foundation of *The Illustrated London News*, the world's first illustrated newspaper, which is associated with *The Sphere*, *The Tatler and Bystander*, and other journals in the Illustrated Newspapers group.** For sixty-three years, until February, 1905, the publication of *The Illustrated London News* continued from this location, and the printing works lying in Milford Lane behind Ingram House, have been in operation on the same site ever since *The Illustrated London News* was first launched upon the world in the year 1842.

WORLD OF FLEET STREET AND THE CITY FROM 198, STRAND, SHOWING (FROM LEFT TO RIGHT) IN THE MIDDLE DISTANCE THE TOWERS, SPIRES AND DOMES OF ST. DUNSTAN'S-IN-THE-WEST, THE OLD BAILEY, ST. BRIDE'S (WREN'S MADRIGAL IN STONE) AND ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL : In the foreground are the buildings and gardens of the Temple, a particularly severe sufferer during the blitz. In the far distance on the right can just be seen the towers of Tower Bridge, where the river curves towards Westminster.

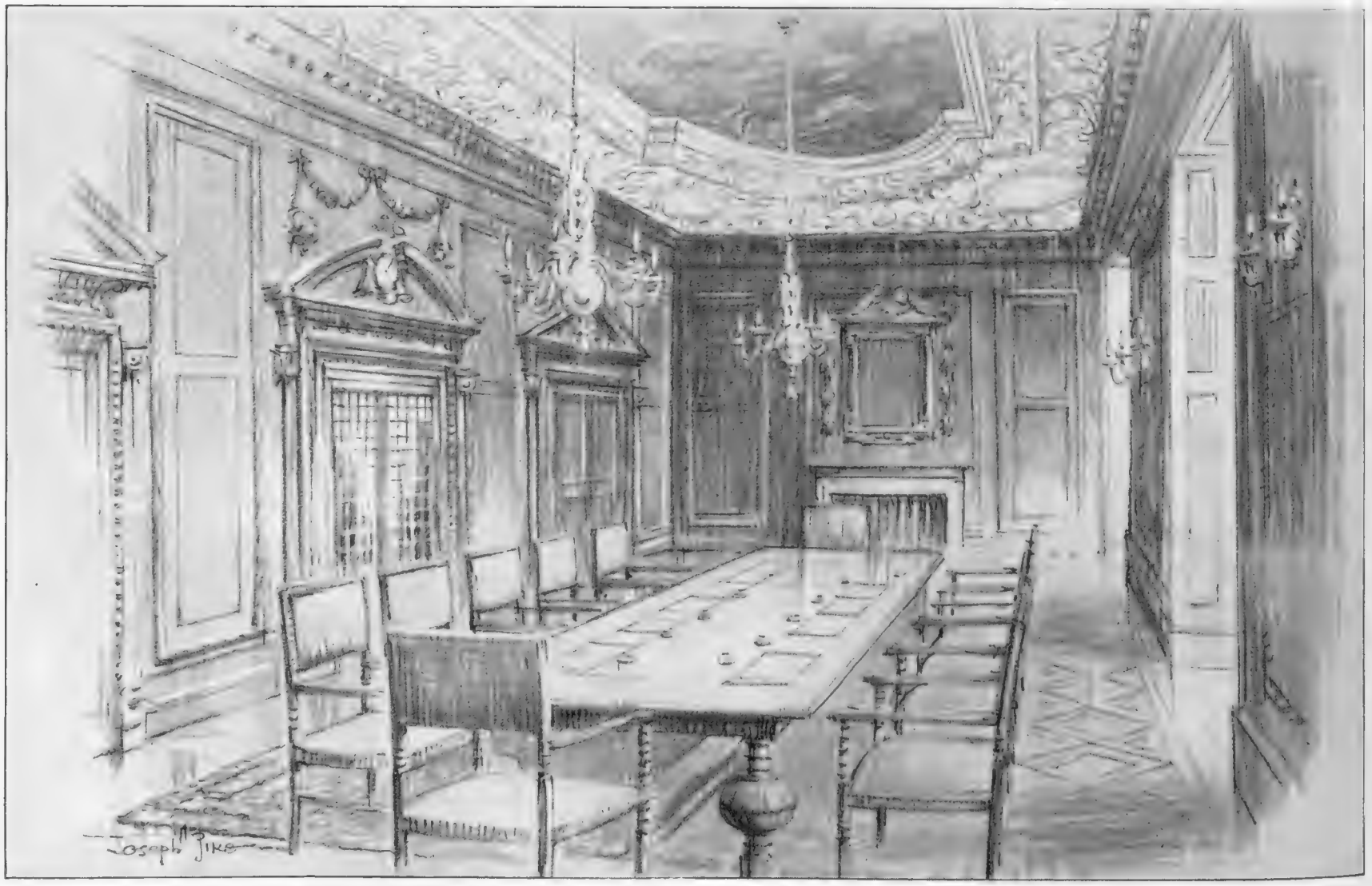
On left—JUST ACROSS THE ROOFTOPS FROM INGRAM HOUSE IS THE SOUTH BANK EXHIBITION : The Old Shot Tower, the Skylon, and the Royal Festival Hall are seen as prominent features. On the north bank of the river are seen the Victoria Tower (heavily clothed in scaffolding), Big Ben, and Westminster Abbey.

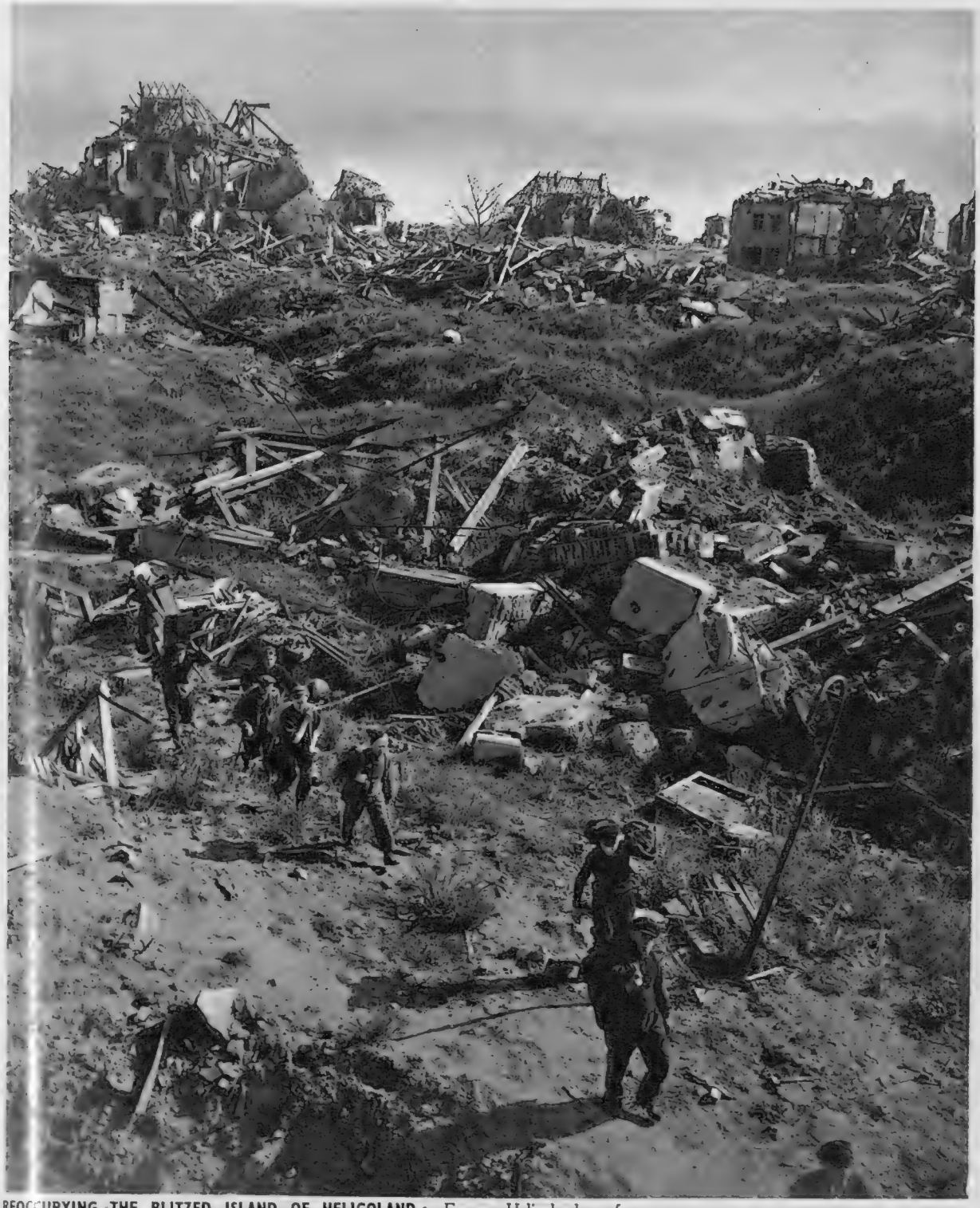
Above—AUSTRALIA HOUSE ON ITS ISLAND SITE BETWEEN THE STRAND AND ALDWYCH : This is the eastern approach to Aldwych as seen from Ingram House. At one time *The Sphere* had offices at Inveresk House, on the western arm of Aldwych.

INGRAM HOUSE

THE NEW HOME OF ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, ON A SPOT HONOURED IN THE ANNALS OF ILLUSTRATED JOURNALISM

THE GENERAL OFFICE, BENEATH THE CUPOLA IN THE MAIN ENTRANCE: In this drawing Joseph Pike shows part of the elaborate interior of Ingram House, which was built originally for the United Kingdom Provident Institution. The architects for the reconstruction have been Yates, Cook and Darbyshire. *Below*—The handsomely panelled board-room, which bears above the fireplace at one end a portrait of Herbert Ingram, the Nottingham bookseller who was the first to launch into illustrated journalism.





REOCCUPYING THE BLITZED ISLAND OF HELIGOLAND: Former Heligolanders, for the most part fishermen wishing to resume their old occupations in the lobster fisheries, seen as they arrived on the island in defiance of the police and the Allied High Commission. In this latest party there were about seventy "squatters." They were well behaved, but for several days refused all requests to leave. Like their predecessors earlier in the year, they flew the flag of Europe.

A NEW INVASION BY HELIGOLANDERS

An Agitation Which Has Bedevilled Anglo-German Relations

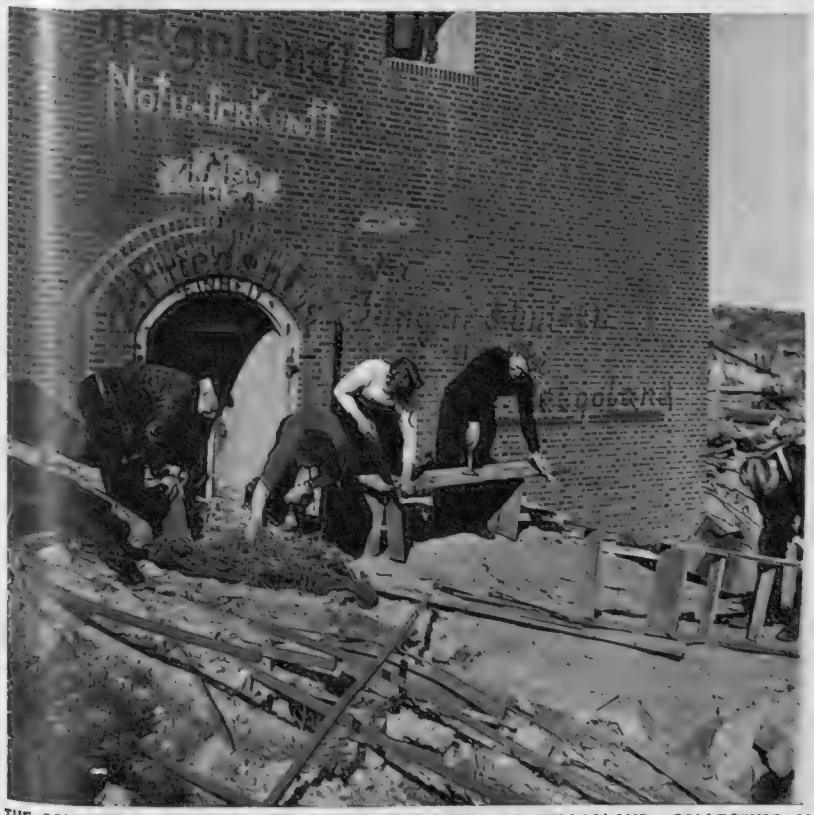
When on April 18, 1947, a Royal Naval firing-ship standing nine miles out to sea, touched-off by radio the fuses linked up with 6,700 tons of high explosive stacked in the fourteen miles of tunnel with which Heligoland was tunnelled, an attempt was made to draw the teeth of Germany's fortress once and for all. The resultant explosion was of massive proportions, being registered on over 100 seismographs in Europe, but it did not settle the problem of Heligoland, it merely created a shambles upon its high plateau and among the former U-boat pens in the harbour area. It did not still the yearning of Heligolanders to return to their old home, nor did it prevent German politicians of the "left" and the "right" from making capital out of the fact that the R.A.F. was using Heligoland as a bombing range.

During the past six months there have been a series of protest invasions of Heligoland by squatters from the mainland, and the latest, consisting of seventy former Heligolanders, has been on the most considerable scale. After thrice refusing to return to the mainland these Heligolanders eventually agreed to go last week, and by doing so it seemed that they were paving the way for a settlement between the German Government and the Allied High Commission. As long ago as February the British Government conceded that Heligoland would be handed back as soon as an alternative bombing range was found, and it was then stated that the transfer would be not later than March 1, 1952. Apparently, however, the lobster fishermen of Heligoland have had in mind that their latest invasion would hurry matters.

The modern political and military history of Heligoland goes back to 1890, when Heligoland was ceded to Germany by Britain and became part of the Prussian province of Schleswig-Holstein. In that cession Imperial Germany received a fortress of vital potentialities and Britain lost a strategic point at the mouth of the Elbe. In the First World War Heligoland bristled with guns and, under the Treaty of Versailles, Germany was compelled to dismantle the whole fortress. Under the Nazis, Heligoland was of even greater importance, possessing massive U-boat pens.

Numerous Allied attacks in 1943 and 1944 led to the Germans removing the civil population from Heligoland. It was a wise move for, in April, 1945, came the obliterating 1,000-bomber raid in which the upper part of the island was pitted from end to end with bomb-craters. Then two years later followed the wholesale demolitions by a Royal Naval party, demolitions which were calculated to leave nothing for a third World War.

In A.D. 800, Heligoland had a coastline of 120 miles, but in the course of centuries erosion has reduced it to rather less than three miles. From time to time artificial cliffs have been constructed, and the area of the island has been in part maintained by dredging the Elbe and depositing on Heligoland the material so obtained. To-day Heligoland and its famed harbour are a mass of debris, but Heligolanders are industrious, home-loving folk, and when they are permitted to return to their island they will speedily bring order out of the prevailing chaos.



THE SQUATTERS SET TO WORK AMONG THE RUINS OF HELIGOLAND, COLLECTING MATERIAL FOR TEMPORARY HOMES ON THE ISLAND AT THE MOUTH OF THE ELBE: *Left*—The carpenters at work at the foot of the flak tower. *Right*—Looking for timber on the plateau above the harbour. These latest invaders were nearly all former Heligolanders, but other squatters in recent months have gone there for political reasons. Both the Communists and the right-wing "German Action" of Prinz zu Löwenstein have been active on Heligoland for propaganda reasons, and the whole question of the island's future settlement has of late bedevilled Anglo-German relations.

ITALY PARADES HER MILITARY MIGHT ON REPUBLIC DAY

A Display of Modern and Not-so-modern Weapons on the 5th Anniversary of the Republic

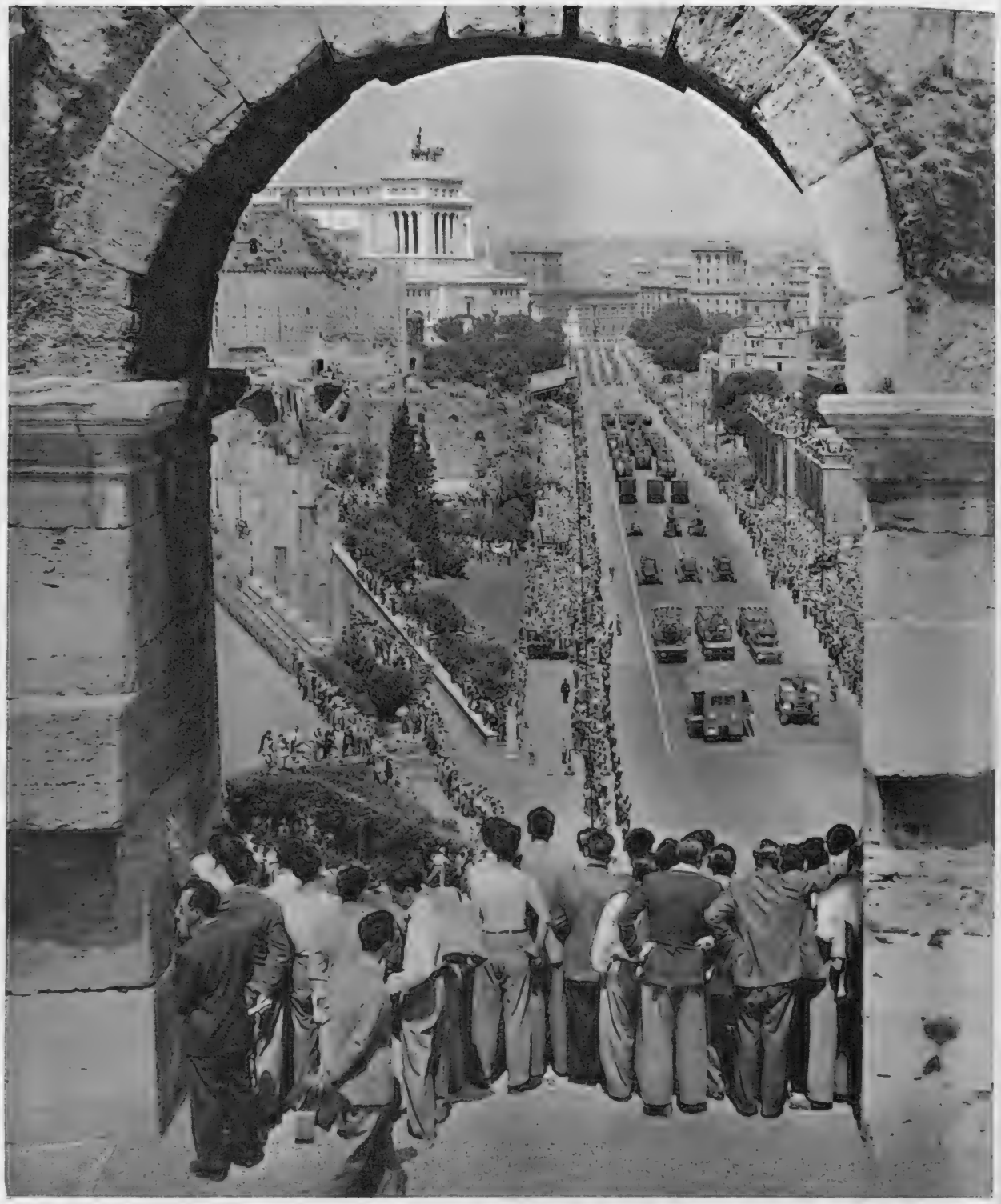
Italy, left by the Second World War in a state of prostration and turmoil, neither a beaten foe nor a friendly ally in relation to the victorious nations, but a curious mixture of the two, has emerged from those desolate days as a Power in Western Europe, although the Communists are still dominant in many parts of the country. The big parade held in Rome on the fifth anniversary of the Republic was clearly intended by the Defence Minister, Randolfo Pacciardi (leader of the Republican Party, and one of the most ardent supporters of rearmament and collaboration with the West), to give a clear indication of the efficiency of Italy's Army. This it certainly did, for if all the Italians' weapons are not so modern, Italy none the less has a powerful array of heavy tanks, and her British-built Vampire jet fighters provide a front-line air striking force of a quality that the country has never before possessed.

For two hours last week a throng that stretched from the Piazza Venezia as far back as the Colosseum cheered as 16,000 soldiers of democratic Italy went by, tank brigades and artillery units following that same route which Mussolini's Fascist Legions used to take in the years before the war.

At a time when the extreme Left-wing parties are seeking to foment political unrest as the result of the successes they claim to have scored at the recent municipal elections, it was obvious that Defence Minister Pacciardi's display of military might was intended as a warning, and if anything this was emphasised by the presence in the parade of the motorised police of Mario Scelba, the shock troops of Italy's Minister of the Interior.

A big event of the day was the fly-past. After the twenty-seven British-built Vampire jets had whistled over the processional route, the planes that came after were not so impressive, among them obsolescent types such as Helldivers, Lightnings and Mustangs, planes that are now formidable only in name.

The gradual expansion of the Italian forces under Pacciardi has now reached a point where the Army has attained the maximum limit of 250,000 men imposed by the Italian Peace Treaty. Since last August a further 80,000 men have been recruited, and it has been noted that the system of selection has been careful to a degree. Under the Treaty the Italian Army is not permitted more than 220 tanks, but there is no limit on anti-tank weapons.



MECHANISED FORCES OF THE ITALIAN ARMY PARADE DOWN THE AVENUE OF THE IMPERIAL FORUMS IN ROME: The parade on the fifth anniversary of the Italian Republic seen through one of the arches of the Colosseum. Two hundred tanks and armoured cars, 250 guns and 16,000 men took part, while overhead there was a spectacular fly-past of Italy's twenty-seven British-built Vampire jet fighters.

THE TANKS THUNDER BY ON REPUBLIC DAY—ITALY'S DISPLAY OF MILITARY PREPAREDNESS, A WARNING TO THE COMMUNISTS THAT THE GOVERNMENT IS DETERMINED TO COPE WITH ANY THREAT AGAINST ITALIAN DEMOCRACY: Behind the tanks and the infantry came the motorised police of Mario Scelba, the Minister of the Interior, units which have broken up many Communist meetings in the past three years. The biggest cheers of the day were for the sturdy Alpini and the athletic Bersaglieri.

THREE CHARIOTS BATTLE OUT THE FINISH OF A GRUELLING RACE IN THE STADIO DEI MARMI, AN ARENA BUILT IN ROME DURING THE DAYS OF MUSSOLINI : There were nine entries in the big race, each representing one of the sectors of the city, and an enormous crowd turned up to watch the charioteers in action, the spectacle being presented very much as it was in the days of the Cæsars. Other items in the programme, sponsored by Rome's tourist organisation, were a gladiatorial combat, in which men competed with net and trident, sword and shield, and a parade in which "Nero" was borne in triumph round the arena. The spectacle had the blessing of the civic authorities and was attended by the Vice-Mayor of Rome. This is the third successive year in which the chariot racing has been held, and it is now a firmly-established event.

CHARIOT RACING IN A ROMAN ARENA

A Return to the Sport of Imperial Roman Days Provides a Notable Public Spectacle in the Stadio Dei Marmi, Built Under Mussolini

NO. 8 CHARIOT LEADS THE FIELD AS THE CHARIOTS ROUND THE LAST BEND IN THE STADIO DEI MARMI : This was the climax of the thrilling spectacle, which recaptured the days of the Cæsars in such remarkable fashion. As the chariots roared round the arena the crowd was brought to its feet. *On right*—In one of the gladiatorial combats a fighter has ensnared his rival with the net, and now threatens him with the trident.

CÆSAR RIDES ROUND THE ARENA : The "Emperor Nero" waving to the tribune, where Rome's Vice-Mayor was seated, before the start of the chariot racing.

WHERE ELIZABETH SLEPT AND BUNYAN PREACHED

The Manor of Loseley, A Famous South-country Mansion and Elstow's Renowned Moot Hall are Both Open to the Public in this Festival Year

A FINE EXAMPLE OF AN ELIZABETHAN RESIDENCE WHICH IS OPEN TO THE PUBLIC THIS SUMMER: This is the north front of Loseley, the home of the More-Molyneux family. It was built by Sir William More in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, most of the stone for the building coming from the ruins of Waverley Abbey.

THE DRAWING-ROOM AT LOSELEY WITH ITS CLUNCH OVERMANTEL AND FIREPLACE: The remarkable chimney-piece is carved out of a solid block of chalk to a Holbein design. Beside the hearth are two Elizabethan maid-of-honour chairs. The cushions are believed to have been worked by Queen Elizabeth. The gilded ceiling—a most elaborate piece of work—was decorated especially for the visit of James I to Loseley.

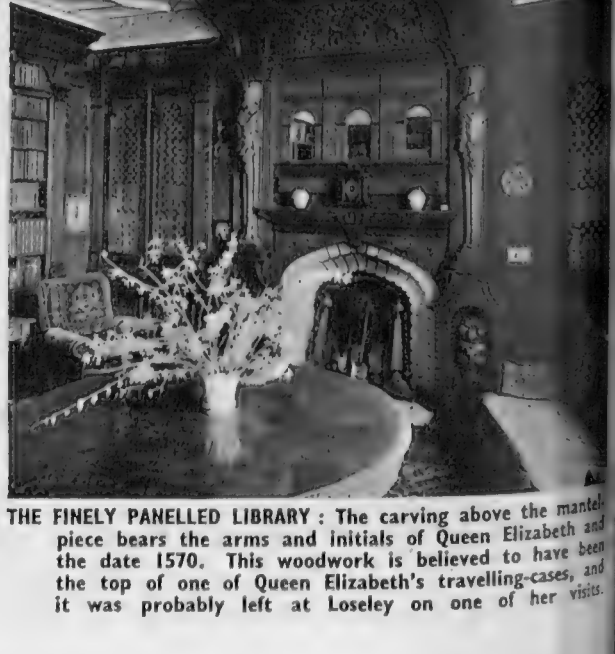
A GABLED ENTRANCE ON THE SOUTH FRONT AT LOSELEY: Queen Elizabeth visited the house during 1583 and 1591

THE STORY OF LOSELEY

The Manor of Loseley dates from Saxon days, having been bestowed on Edward the Confessor, from whom it passed to William the Conqueror, who in turn gave it to Roger de Montgomery, Earl of Arundel and Shrewsbury. It passed through successive hands until purchased early in the reign of Henry VIII by Christopher More, a grandson of Thomas More, of Norton, Derbyshire. The mansion built by his son Sir William More, was completed in 1568, and remained in the hands of the More family until the death of the last male heir in 1689, when it devolved on his sister, who married Sir Thomas Molyneux, thus founding the family of More-Molyneux, which has held it in unbroken tenure until the present day.

Manuscripts and other documents dating from the reign of Henry VIII to that of James I, which were discovered at Loseley after having been lost for some 200 years, are now preserved in the Muniment Room of the mansion. From these it seems certain that Loseley can claim with better justification than many other mansions of that period that "Queen Elizabeth slept here." Letters were found containing instructions for Mr. More to prepare the house for the Queen's reception in 1583 and 1591.

THE GREAT HALL: On the far wall is a picture by Somers, painted in 1739, of Sir More Molyneux, his wife, and eight of his eleven children. The panelling of the hall came from Henry VIII's Palace of Nonsuch when it was demolished. Nonsuch was built for Katherine Parr, and one of the panels bears her initials.



THE FINELY PANELLED LIBRARY: The carving above the mantel-piece bears the arms and initials of Queen Elizabeth and the date 1570. This woodwork is believed to have been the top of one of Queen Elizabeth's travelling-cases, and it was probably left at Loseley on one of her visits.

BUNYAN'S TOWN: LSTOW'S RESTORED MOOT HALL

April 1949 it became generally known that Elstow's famous Moot Hall was in serious nger, and it was urged that a public subscription raised to save the roof from decay. It was imated that £3,500 was needed to renovate the alone. Now, in this Festival Year, and as a ntribution to Bedfordshire's Festival of Britain ogramme, Major Simon Whitbread has presented Moot Hall and Elstow Green to the Bedford- re County Council, and that body, having ried out the urgent repairs, has opened the to the public with a Festival Exhibition of nyan relics. This is good news indeed, for se who cherish the immortal memory of nyan, for it was at the Moot Hall that the great preached so many of his inspired sermons.

Bunyan, although described as a tinker, was vagrant. He was born at Elstow, a little re than a mile south of the town of Bedford, he worked there as a young man in his father's ge and workshop. Both his blind child Mary his second daughter Elizabeth were born at low, and it was not until 1655 that he moved Bedford. He was then twenty-seven years of Major Simon Whitbread, donor of the Moot ll and green, is the descendant of a Whitbread o was a fellow member with Bunyan of the ependent Church at Bedford. Ever since then Whitbreads have been interested in all that ncerns Bunyan, and it was the late Mr. Samuel itbread who gave £12,000 for the restoration of low's early Norman church.

Although the exact date of the erection of the t Hall is not known, it is regarded as a fine mple of fifteenth-century architecture. It is ctangular building of two storeys, built of timber and brickwork with a tiled roof. iginally on the ground floor were several shops before the present restoration the four central ways could still be seen. At some unknown these and all other openings were bricked up, t the entrance to a single-flight staircase led to the rooms above. It is generally ed that the Moot Hall was first used as a house for men. In later years it had various s, from chapel and meeting-room to storehouse.

THE INTERIOR OF THE MOOT HALL AT ELSTOW, WHICH, AFTER RESTORATION, HAS BEEN FURNISHED WITH PERIOD FURNITURE AND WAS OFFICIALLY OPENED LAST WEEK BY SIR THOMAS KEENS, CHAIRMAN OF BEDFORDSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL: The Moot Hall, together with the green on which it stands, has been given to Bedfordshire by Major Simon Whitbread, as a contribution to the County's Festival programme. It now houses a Festival exhibition.

THE MOOT HALL, IN BUNYAN'S DAY THE CENTRE OF VILLAGE LIFE AT ELSTOW; A FINE EXAMPLE OF FIFTEENTH-CENTURY DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE: At one time a range of little shops occupied the lower part of the Moot Hall.

GLORY OF ANCIENT TIMBER AND BRICKWORK: *Left*—An interior view of the Moot Hall as it has been arranged for the present Festival Exhibition of Bunyan relics. *Right*—An exterior view looking across the green which also comes within the terms of Major Simon Whitbread's gift. Of recent years the roof of the Moot Hall has been subject to increasing decay and it is on this that Bedfordshire County Council have spent the greater part of the money they have voted for repairs.

Home News in Pictures

PEACE AND "WAR" ON THE HOME FRONT

FROM THE SERENITY OF A WEST COUNTRY FISHING PORT TO THE TURMOIL OF A GANGSTER'S LONE BATTLE AT CHATHAM

THE PADDLE-STEAMER "GLEN USK" OF BRISTOL ENTERS THE LITTLE HARBOUR AT MINEHEAD, SOMERSET, AFTER THE OFFICIAL REOPENING OF THE HARBOUR, WHICH IS NOW ONCE AGAIN THE PROPERTY OF THE TOWN: *Left*—The *Glen Usk* about to make fast at the quay. *Right*—Mr. Geoffrey Luttrell, Lord of the Manor of Minehead, handing to the Chairman of the Minehead Council, Mr. W. Webber, a painting of the harbour which has hung in Dunster Castle for over 300 years. He also handed over a deed of conveyance under which Minehead Council will lease the harbour from him for an annual ground rent of £10. The Council has also bought from Mr. Luttrell for £2 the old pier which protects the harbour. Thus, 350 years after Minehead harbour passed to the Luttrell family of Dunster Castle, because the inhabitants could not maintain it properly, it has been handed back to the town by the present head of the family. Vice-Admiral Enright reopened the harbour, the entrance to which has been cleared of shingle at a cost of over £1,000, by cutting a ribbon with a pair of silver scissors.

A SERVICE OF ANTHEMS IS SUNG WITHIN THE ROOFLESS AND BLACKENED BOMBED RUINS OF THE CHURCH OF ST. BRIDE, FLEET STREET: The Choir of Westminster Abbey sang the anthems on the occasion of the reception given at the church to welcome the Rev. C. M. Armitage, Precentor of Westminster and Priest-in-Ordinary to the King, as successor to the former Vicar, the late Prebendary Arthur Taylor. Before the anthems were sung, a short service was held in the vestry chapel behind the church. In his address the new Vicar said that the present work of St. Bride's was grievously weakened through the disaster of the war, and Fleet Street could never be Fleet Street until the church was restored in all its glory and spiritual power. As the spire dominated London's newspaper territory, so must the Gospel penetrate all the activities of the community of the Press. St. Bride's was badly damaged in 1940.

"ART IN THE SERVICE OF THE CHURCH": The Archbishop of Canterbury conducting the Mayor of Lambeth, Mrs. E. Lyon Boltz, round the Festival Year Exhibition of Contemporary Church Art which is housed in the Great Hall of Lambeth Palace, the Archbishop's London home. The exhibition is made up of contemporary stained glass, sculpture and carving in wood and stone, furniture, textiles, embroidery and vestments, metal and silver, bookbindings, paintings and murals. In this picture Dr. Fisher is seen as he described the Primatial Cross of Canterbury to Mrs. Boltz. Also in the showcase are the pastoral staff handed over to the present Archbishop; a set of altar ornaments presented to the Archbishop of Canterbury of the day by the American Episcopal Church during a late-Victorian Lambeth Conference; the ivory-covered chalice from which Archbishop Laud received his last Communion; and a private Communion set presented to Dr. Fisher, at the time of his Enthronement, by American Service Chaplains in England. Other exhibits include the Coronation Frontal and the Royal Dossal of Westminster Abbey.

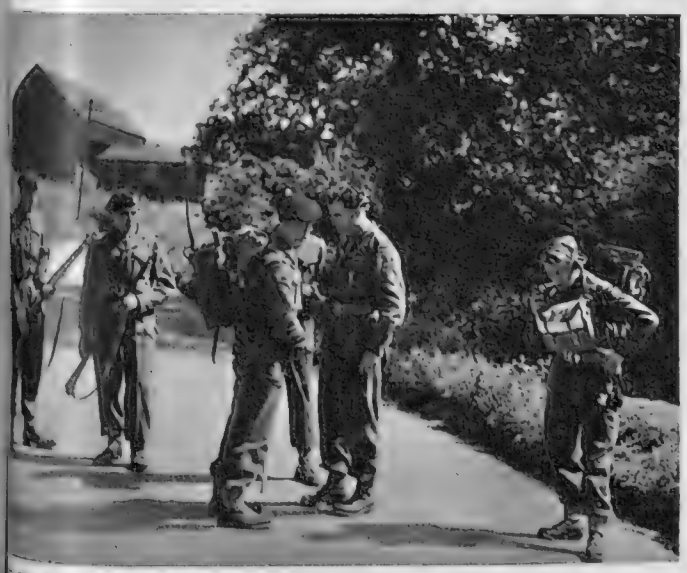
JACK SOLOMONS' "FESTIVAL OF FISTICUFFS" AT THE WHITE CITY PROVES A MAJOR TRIUMPH FOR BRITISH OPEN-AIR BOXING PROMOTION: Looking across a section of the great crowd of 55,000 to the ring during one of the fights. Three fighters from overseas were beaten, and a fourth won narrowly on points. The main bout between Jack Gardner (Great Britain) and Cesar Brion (Argentine) resulted in a narrow win for the Argentinian after a gruelling struggle in which both men finished with eyes damaged. *On right*—Gardner is seen waiting for Brion to rise during their ten-round contest. As a result of his defeat, Gardner will now rest for two months. In the other fights, Johnny Williams, of Rugby, a contender for Gardner's heavyweight crown, beat Jo Weidin, of Austria, the former European champion; Don Cockell, of Battersea, knocked out Nick Barone (U.S.A.); and Randolph Turpin (Leamington) beat Jackie Keough (U.S.A.), the contest being stopped in the seventh round. British boxing has not been so pronouncedly in the ascendant for many years as it is to-day, and the way that the cruiser-weight champion Cockell hooked and jabbed and uppercut his tough opponent all round the ring was a truly astonishing performance. Turpin was perhaps not quite so dominant as usual, but none the less he punched with remarkable power.

ANCIENT MARKET HALL AT ROSS, WHICH STANDS IN THE CENTRE OF THE TOWN, MAY HAVE TO BE SHIFTED A FEW FEET TO MAKE WAY FOR THE HEAVY ROAD TRAFFIC WHICH USES THE NARROW STREETS OF THE TOWN, LYING AS IT DOES ON A TRUNK ROAD FROM THE MIDLANDS TO SOUTH WALES: This view looks through the main supporting pillars of the seventeenth-century building to the South Wales road. Many traffic hold-ups take place at this point, particularly during the week-end.

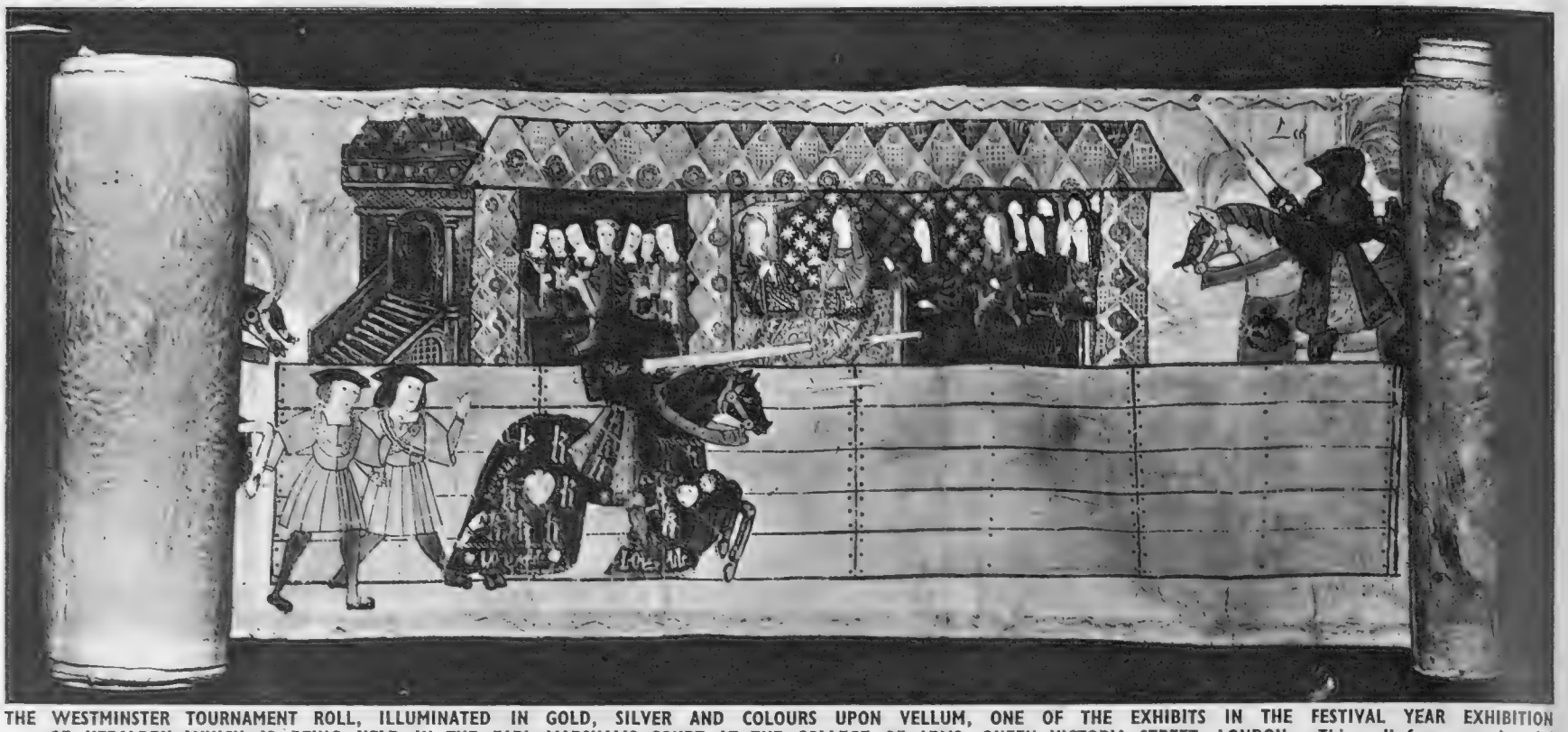
LEFT TO LEDBURY, RIGHT TO COLEFORD, AND STRAIGHT ON FOR GLOUCESTER: The old red sandstone market hall at Ross which may have to be moved owing to the many traffic problems which it creates. If it is shifted slightly to the left, the main trunk road from South Wales could be widened effectively.

ROYAL AUTOMOBILE CLUB'S FIRST INTERNATIONAL MOTOR RALLY OF GREAT BRITAIN: A competitor seen driving along the Gairnshiel road, which overlooks Balmoral Castle, on Deeside, during the round-Britain car rally. The rally began on Tuesday of last week, when 229 cars set out from the starting controls at Brighton, Skegness, Harrogate and Cheltenham, and made for the R.A.C. Silverstone Circuit near Towcester, Northants, where they took part in the speed tests. The successful competitors then went on to the finishing control at Bournemouth. At Silverstone, many of the drivers had difficulty in reaching the scheduled qualifying speeds, which ranged from 50·1 m.p.h. for closed cars under 1,500 cc., to 59·2 m.p.h. for open cars over 1,500 cc. Altogether, 111 cars were penalised in the tests for failing to reach the required speeds.

ROUND THE WORLD BY CAR—FOUR MEN IN AN AUSTIN A 40 SPORTS CAR SET OUT FROM LONDON AIRPORT: The four men, all of whom will act as drivers, are Alan Hess, aged fifty-one; Ralph Sleigh, thirty-nine; George Coates, forty-eight; and Ronald Jeavons, thirty-two; and they are hoping to encircle the world within thirty days. At the same time as the car started, its tender, a Skymaster aircraft which will transport it across the oceans, took off from the airport with a crew of nine, together with Press representatives and newsreel men, who will report on the car's progress.



SIEGE OF SYMONS AVENUE—THE CLIMAX TO THE GREAT KENT MAN-HUNT FOR THE KILLER OF P.C. ALAN BAXTER: *Left*—Soldiers with walkie-talkie radios and others with rifles at the ready, seen during the search for Derek Alan Poole, the twenty-year-old army deserter who had shot P.C. Alan Baxter after being challenged at a refuse dump on the outskirts of Chatham. P.C. Baxter later died in hospital. *Right*—Police officers running from the house in Symons Avenue, after they had thrown tear-gas bombs into the house in which Poole, armed with a Sten-gun, was sheltering. The police had been called to the house when it became known that Poole, who had been hiding in the attic, had confronted his parents and said that he was "going to shoot it out." When his parents had left the house the police and Service men closed in, and shots were exchanged between the police and Poole. After tear-gas bombs had been thrown into the house and the front door had been broken down, the police found the body of Poole in an upper room.



THE WESTMINSTER TOURNAMENT ROLL, ILLUMINATED IN GOLD, SILVER AND COLOURS UPON VELLUM, ONE OF THE EXHIBITS IN THE FESTIVAL YEAR EXHIBITION OF HERALDRY WHICH IS BEING HELD IN THE EARL MARSHAL'S COURT AT THE COLLEGE OF ARMS, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, LONDON: This roll forms a pictorial record of the procession to the lists, the combat and the return to the Court, at the jousts held by Henry VIII at Westminster in February 1509-10 in honour of Queen Catherine of Aragon, and to celebrate the birth of their only son, the short-lived Henry Duke of Cornwall. The length of the roll is 59 ft. 4 ins.

THE POMPS OF HERALDRY

The Festival Year Exhibition of Heraldry in the Earl Marshal's Court at the College of Arms in Queen Victoria Street

In London last week the Lord Mayor, Alderman Denys Lowson, went to the College of Arms in Queen Victoria Street, and there in the presence of the Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal of England, and Sir George Bellew, Garter King of Arms, declared open an exhibition of armorial antiquities. The exhibition, which has been made possible by the help of other organisations and persons who have loaned some of the exhibits, and which forms part of the Festival of Britain celebrations, is being held in the Earl Marshal's Court, once the scene for the sittings of the Court of Chivalry, where unlawful bearers of arms stood their trial.

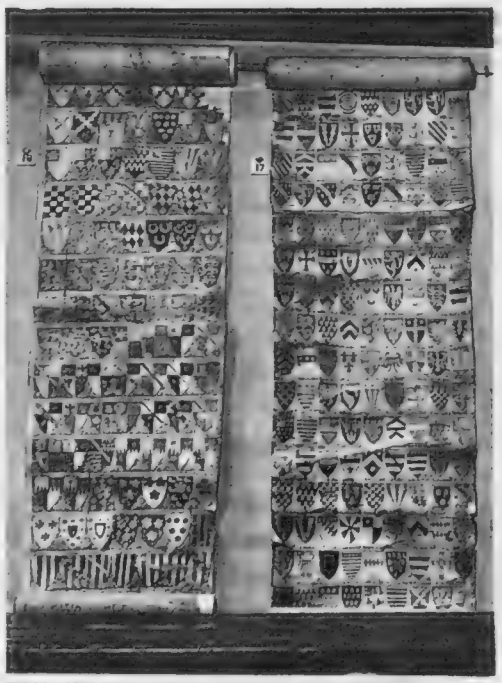
Heraldry, as we now know it, seems to have become full-fledged early in the twelfth century, when Heralds were described as officers who made proclamations at tournaments; and the Arms of England, as they have been borne by all subsequent Kings of England, can be traced back to the Seal used by Richard I towards the end of the same century. Under Edward III the Heralds, who had then become permanent employees of the King, acquired greater importance, but it was not until 1484 that they were granted their first Charter of Incorporation. Richard III then made the Royal Officers of Arms into a corporation, which was later called the College of Arms. In 1555 Queen Mary Tudor granted the College a new Charter which is still in force, and a building known as Derby House. It was formerly the home of the Stanleys, Earls of Derby, and stood in what is now known as Queen Victoria Street. This building was destroyed in the Great Fire of London and the present building was erected by Wren. There are thirteen officers of the College—three Kings of Arms, six Heralds and four Pursuivants. These officers are appointed by the King, by Letters Patent under the Grand Seal, on the nomination of the Duke of Norfolk, who as Earl Marshal of England, has the supervision of the Heralds and the responsibility for the conduct of Ceremonies of State.

To-day the College is the official authority on all matters concerning pedigrees and coats of arms. Each day one of the six Heralds (Lancaster, Somerset, Chester, Windsor, York and Richmond) is on duty to deal with enquiries by the public. For a fee, they will design, in colour, a coat of arms or motto, which will not offend or cut across an existing one; or trace ancestry back as far as possible.

Perhaps the most notable exhibit now on show in the Earl Marshal's Court is the version belonging to the College of the famous Heralds' Roll (*circa* 1270-1280), which is the third oldest surviving original, and one of the finest in existence. It portrays the arms of the Sovereigns of Europe; English, French and Scottish noblemen and English Lords and Knights. The tabard of John Anstis (1669-1744) as Garter King of Arms, as well as that of his son, both of whom were connected with the revival of the Order of the Bath, have prominent places in the hall.

Another exhibit is the Vellum Book, sumptuously emblazoned in gold and colours and bound in brass and velvet, of the Genealogy of the Sovereigns of the Most Honourable Military Order of the Bath. It was prepared in 1803 at a cost of over £2,000 for King George III, by George Nayler, Genealogist and Blanc-Coursier Herald of the Order, afterwards Garter King of Arms.

WORN BY THE FIRST GENEALOGIST AND REGISTRAR OF THE ORDER OF THE BATH AFTER ITS REVIVAL IN 1725: The tabard of John Anstis the Younger (1708-1754), as Blanc-Coursier Herald of the Order of the Bath, showing the Royal Arms differenced with the label of William Duke of Cumberland, to whom, as Great Master of the Order, Blanc-Coursier was attached.



TWO VELLUM ROLLS OF THE FOURTEENTH AND FIFTEENTH CENTURIES: On the left is the Cooks's Ordinary (10½ ins. by 15 ft. 4 ins.) with more than 600 shields of English Lords and Knights. It is, so far as is known, the oldest existing Ordinary of Arms. On the right is the Society of Antiquaries Charles' Roll (11 ins. wide by 8 ft. 6 ins. long), which is painted with 486 shields.

GARTER KING OF ARMS EXPLAINS AN EXHIBIT TO THE LADY MAYORESS: The occasion was an evening party given by Sir George and Lady Bellew on the day of the opening ceremony of the Exhibition which was performed by the Lord Mayor of London. On the same day the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress gave a luncheon at the Mansion House.

A REPRESENTATION OF THE ARMS OF WILMOT (*CIRCA* 1700): Except for the thin cardboard outlines on the shield, the entire composition is made of gilt-edged leaves of coloured paper rolled or crinkled into various shapes. Such work belonged to Italy in the seventeenth century and perhaps earlier, and in England from about the beginning of the eighteenth century.

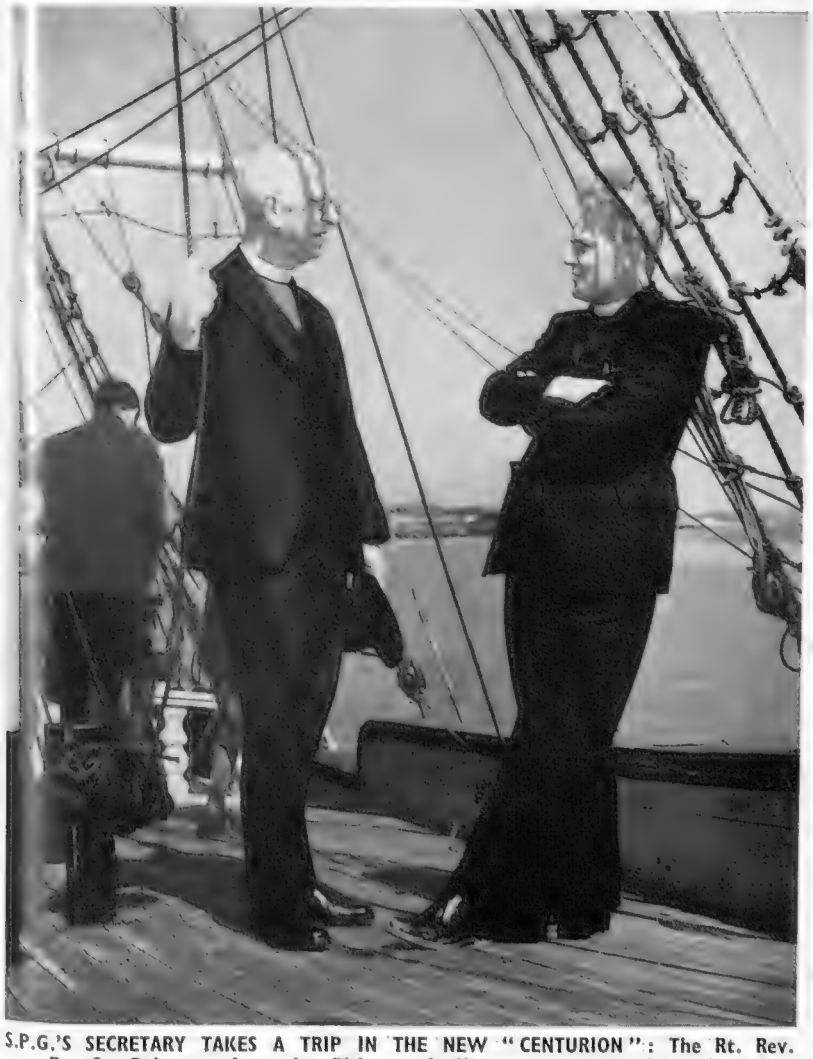
"CENTURION" SAILS AGAIN

S.P.G.'s "Ship With a Mission" Which Has Come to London Before Sailing Along the South Coast as Part of the Society's 250th Anniversary Celebrations

THE 6-FT. FIGUREHEAD OF THE NEW "CENTURION" WHICH HAS BEEN BUILT BY THE SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPEL IN FOREIGN PARTS: The 70-ft.-long ship is the replica of the original *Centurion* in which the first missionary of the Society sailed for the American colonies in 1702. She has been built on the hull of a wartime fishing-vessel at Brightlingsea, for use during the Society's 250th anniversary celebrations. This summer the vessel is to be sailed on a "Missionary Voyage" along the south and west coasts.

THE HALF-SCALE REPLICA OF H.M.S. "CENTURION," AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY SAILING-SHIP, WHICH IS TO BE BLESSED BY THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY AT LAMBETH PIER THIS AFTERNOON, JUNE 16: The ceremony will take place during a garden party which is being held at Lambeth Palace on the occasion of the S.P.G.'s 250th Anniversary. The ship arrived at Westminster a few days ago after a hazardous journey up the river. Even with her topmast and top-gallant-mast housed, she was only able to shoot the bridges with a minimum of clearance at very low water.

In 1701 the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts was founded by Royal Charter to provide an "orthodox Clergy in the plantations, Colonies and factories of Great Britain beyond the Seas for the instruction of the King's loving subjects in the Christian religion," and for the conversion "of those poor Natives from that state of Barbarism and Idolatry in which they now live." In the following year the Society's first missionary sailed for Boston on board the sailing-ship *Centurion*. Now, 250 years later, the Society has launched a replica of the *Centurion* for use during the year of birthday celebrations. The new *Centurion* is built on the hull of a wartime motor fishing-vessel which had been laid up in the Firth of Forth. After being acquired from the Admiralty she was towed to Berwick, where she was made seaworthy, and then sailed by a volunteer crew to Brightlingsea, where Messrs. J. James and Co., Ltd., carried out the task of conversion. This was done with the advice of Captain H. W. Edwards, a naval historian, and Mr. W. McPh. Campbell, a ship architect and surveyor, and with the aid of an exact model in the Royal Maritime Museum at Greenwich. The ship's mission will be to tell the story of what the Church has done, and is doing. After to-day's commissioning by the Archbishop of Canterbury she will leave the Thames for a cruise along the coast, and will call at various seaside resorts where a team of evangelists will preach on the message of the Church.



S.P.G.'S SECRETARY TAKES A TRIP IN THE NEW "CENTURION": The Rt. Rev. B. C. Roberts, formerly Bishop of Singapore, seen with the Rev. Dewi Morgan, during the ship's trials held off the Essex coast.

MAKING THE REPLICA OF "CENTURION" EXACT IN ALMOST EVERY DETAIL: Mr. Y. Gillott, of Brightlingsea, places one of the dummy cannons in position along the ship's side.

AFTER THE HUBBUB OF EPSOM, THE SERENITY OF A SUSSEX COUNTRY MEETING: Holidaymakers watching from the bend the runners in the Fulmar Plate at Lewes. In the lead is Lord Rosebery's Rum, followed closely by the eventual winner, Mr. Watson's Anglesey. *Inset on left*—AN EQUINE FRIEZE UPON THE SUSSEX DOWNS: Mr. Cornwell's Dato leading Chateau Pavé and the rest of the field soon after the start of the Beacon Handicap. The Lewes meeting, with its rural setting and its general atmosphere of informality, has a special attraction for racegoers in high summer, offering marked contrasts to Epsom and other thronged Metropolitan meetings.

ENGLAND IN LEAFY JUNE

Seeking the Pleasures of the Open Air in the First Days of Summer

POLO ON THE SUSSEX DOWNS: Players crowding round the goal as Colonel H. Guinness (Henley) scored in the final of the Duke of Sutherland Cup when the Knaves played the Henley "A" side at the Cowdray Park Polo Club at Moor Farm.

On left—THE OPEN-AIR FASHION SHOW HELD IN THE AMPHITHEATRE OF THE BATTERSEA PLEASURE GARDENS: A great crowd turned up for this attraction presented in the theatre beneath the trees on the north side of the gardens near the river. On a hot summer's day or in the cool of the evening the amphitheatre can be a delightful place.

Below—A SUMMER AFTERNOON IN THE BATTERSEA PLEASURE GARDENS, WHERE BY NIGHT AND DAY THERE HAS BEEN A STEADY STREAM OF VISITORS DURING THE FIRST WEEKS OF JUNE, REACHING A CLIMAX ON A RECENT SATURDAY WHEN OVER 120,000 PEOPLE PASSED THROUGH THE TURNSTILES: On the right are the Fountain Lakes, and the tented pavilion behind them is the dance hall. Looking across the lawns of this main vista are seen some of the buildings of the Fun Fair, with the Big Dipper in the background. In the far distance is Battersea Power Station, the chimneys of which are illuminated at night. In the first week at the Pleasure Gardens the attendance was over 365,000.

A MODERN MORALITY

"YOUR TRUMPETS, ANGELS!" AT SOUTHWARK CATHEDRAL, AND OTHER EVENTS IN STAGE FILM AND BALLET

Your Trumpets, Angels!, performed on a specially constructed stage in Southwark Cathedral, is a drama of modern life related to the history of Southwark. Incidental music by Christopher le Fleming is played by the Bromley Symphony Orchestra, and the Ripley Choir, Bromley, provides the singers. John Wyse appears as the producer of a play within the play, and is supported by Jordan Lawrence, Gwen Nelson and Alured Weigall.

The scenes in the inset play entitled *The Progress of Love*, represent the divisions of the Church year, and are inspired by incidents in the history of London and by persons connected with Southwark. Chaucer ushers in Advent; Shakespeare and a mimic setting of *The Phœnix and the Turtle* take the scene to Christmas; the Great Fire brings in Passiontide; and John Donne's passionate metaphor provides the conclusion. The play has been produced by Doreen Woodcock.

Shakespeare spent much of his working life in Southwark. He acted at the Rose Theatre, which was built on Bankside in 1587; and some dozen or more of his plays were written for the Globe Theatre. Shakespeare's cenotaph is in Southwark Cathedral, his parish church, as is the tomb of his brother, Edmund, and every year a Shakespeare Commemoration Service is held there.

A MODERN MORALITY PLAY IN SOUTHWARK CATHEDRAL: A scene from Mrs. K. M. Baxter's verse play, *Your Trumpets, Angels!* in which Chaucer, Shakespeare, Pepys and Donne are represented by actors rehearsing their parts in a play within the play. In the above picture, Chaucer is seen on the extreme right. A cast of 70 includes professional actors. The play will be performed for twenty-six performances, ending on July 7

SHAKESPEARE AND THE DARK LADY OF THE SONNETS: Vaughan Kimber and Shirley Doel-Richards as they appear in the play within the play in Mrs. Baxter's modern morality play, *Your Trumpets, Angels!*

THE HIGH COMMISSIONER FOR CANADA AT THE NEW BOLTONS THEATRE: Mr. L. D. Wilgress chats to Constance Cummings during an interval of a special performance of *A Pin to See the Peepshow*. The play, produced by Peter Cotes and with Canadian-born Joan Miller playing the leading role, is based on the Thompson-Bywaters case and has been refused a licence for public showing. Its success at the New Boltons Theatre Club in Drayton Gardens has been such that its run has twice been extended

A FILM ENGAGEMENT: Film producer Antony Darnborough and film star Glynis Johns at Pinewood Studios. Their engagement was announced last week. South African Glynis Johns was born in Durban and has been appearing on the London stage since 1935. In 1936 she made her first film and has since appeared in *49th Parallel; Frieda; Miranda;* and *An Ideal Husband*. She is now making *Appointment with Venus* at Pinewood, and, in the above picture, is dressed for her part in the film

A THEATRICAL CONGRESS IN OSLO: Dr. Oprecht of Switzerland; Llewellyn Rees of the Old Vic; Axel Otto Normann of Norway; André Josset of France; and Maurice Huisman of Belgium at the fourth Congress of the International Theatre Institute. Over a hundred delegates from twenty-five countries attended. The International Theatre Institute was established three years ago with the help and recognition of U.N.E.S.C.O.

RUSSIA'S PRIMA BALLERINA ARRIVES IN FLORENCE: Galina Ulanova, star of the Russian ballet and probably one of the leading dancers in the world, accompanied the Soviet Ballet Company to Italy to take part in the Florentine May of Music Festival. Signor Fabiani, the Communist mayor, who was seeking re-election in the municipal poll, invited the Soviet Ballet and aroused a storm of protest when it was announced that the first performance would be on June 7. It was said that it was done for Communist election propaganda. The date was then changed to June 11, after the election was over. It had already been reported that the Russians would not be allowed to leave Moscow and it was said that the organisers had applied to Palmiro Togliatti to intervene at the Soviet Embassy. Ulanova paid tribute to the dancing of an exiled White Russian, Vladimir Skouratoff, in a performance she attended of *Grand Pas Classique*

SULPHUR

"BRING me fire that I may purify the house with sulphur" wrote Homer in the Odyssey. From these ancient medicinal applications, sulphur, in the form of sulphuric acid and other chemicals, has so extended its uses that today this yellow rock, which burns to form choking fumes, is one of the most important elements used as a raw material in modern civilisation. In recent times most of the world's needs for elemental sulphur—amounting to 5-6 million tons annually—have been supplied from deposits in the U.S.A., but these are fast becoming exhausted as more and more sulphur is needed for industrial, agricultural and other purposes.

Since the early 1930s, I.C.I. has been developing methods of making sulphuric acid from anhydrite, which is found in large quantities in many parts of Great Britain. It is fortunate, now that the sulphur situation is critical, that I.C.I. is thus able not only to increase its own production of sulphuric acid from British sources, but also to place its accumulated research and production knowledge at the disposal of some of the principal British acid users. Plans are indeed now going forward to install new plants which will make sulphuric acid from this indigenous raw material and thus reduce the need to import sulphur from overseas.

I.C.I. has also converted other plants to utilise the sulphur recovered as spent oxide made in the purification of town gas.

ICI

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

SHORT STORIES AND NOVELS FOR SUMMER READING

The Magic Touch of Nevil Shute; Peter de Polnay and a Far From Happy Idea; Another Saga from Sir Philip Gibbs

THE oldest honourable profession in the world is that of story-telling. Now, that profession and art is not always synonymous with novel-writing, and should be assessed and appreciated separately. Sometimes the two coincide, and then readers are particularly lucky, but to be accomplished at either talent argues a writer of note. And when I say "note," I mean a note on a library or preferably a bookshop list.

Mr. Nevil Shute tells stories with such compelling magic that he is probably the only writer in the world who would have inclined me to sit by a camp fire listening to his word-spinning by the hour. I don't mean that Mr. Shute necessarily haunts these hazardous and smoky places, but that even if he did, and if attendance at them were the test of appreciation, I would be there—with several thousand others. His new story, ROUND THE BEND (Heinemann. 12s. 6d.), is concerned with two young men, one from a garage in Southampton and one from Penang by way of Sir Alan Cobham's circus, whose paths cross in the early '30's and again and definitively after the last war.

Tom, under his ordinary appearance, conceals the drive and initiative that are to make him head of an independent airline in the Middle East, and Constantine, or Connie, son of a Buddhist father and a Greek Orthodox mother, whose ambition to his dying day is to be "an absolutely first-class ground engineer," has the makings of a spiritual leader with a following of thousands. Told by Tom, the extraordinary tale has an effective lack of emphasis or highlights, even a deliberate flatness which makes it the more dramatic and, because Tom and Connie and their exploits are creations of Mr. Shute's, it is a tale that is readable to its last phrase.

THE NEXT TWO YEARS (Hamish Hamilton. 10s. 6d.) is, for most of its length, a discouraging sort of book, but it is never a trivial one. Paradoxically, this fault would be less definite if Mr. Peter de Polnay were a less accomplished writer, but he has here devised a plot, the sudden dissolution of a marriage, and characters, a young and idyllically loving couple, in whom one cannot but believe, and believing, be progressively depressed by their estrangement. It is all amazingly well done, too. That 's another of the troubles. One must just hope that Mr. de Polnay has a happier idea on which to exercise his considerable gifts next time. This one, as a genteel person in a bookshop once said, is "almost too laike laife."

OPHELIA (James Barrie. 10s. 6d.) does not suffer from that particular disadvantage. This novel of Miss Viola Meynell's is, as one might have expected, poetically expressed and, for all its frequent flashes of humour, gentle and dreamy in mood. It is also a very well-constructed piece of work which should not be surprising if one considers that a poet's discipline is one of the hardest, if not one of the most rigid, in the world. A young man, a rich landowner, meets a nineteen-year-old girl, sensitive, pretty and like a healthier pre-Raphaelite painting. Their relationship is friendly, verging on love, when the man meets the girl's mother and falls passionately in love with her. This, demonstrably, is a situation that might be grotesque though never impossible, and it is to the author's credit that she avoids any suggestion of bathos, or of the farce that hovers so closely behind.

When Sir Philip Gibbs chooses to write a novel it is a reasonably good bet that, not only will the book be worth reading, but that it will add something to the reader's store of knowledge, sometimes locally political, sometimes international, and all included with an utter lack of tub-thumping or wisdom-after-the-event by one of the best reporters of them all. In THE SPOILS OF TIME (Hutchinson. 10s. 6d.), Sir Philip is not primarily engaged in giving a *résumé* of the past forty-odd years of English history, and the fact that he does just that is incidental to his scheme. It is also noticeably well done.

An assistant editor of *The Times* (*circa* 1900) fathers two boys and a girl and, when his pretty, frivolous wife leaves him because of the odd hours that newspapermen keep, marries another and more docile woman. Sir Philip's novel is principally concerned with the careers, in war and peace, of those children and with the compromises they are able to make between passion and necessity.

So few novels of present-day Spain come our way that when you do see one it seems worth special attention, and when it is the work of as distinguished a writer as Arturo Barea, it is additionally important. THE BROKEN ROOT (Faber. 15s.) is the story of a Spanish Republican who was first an exile in England, then became a British subject, and finally, after ten years, returned to Franco Spain to see what had happened to his family. In discovering that, he discovered, too, what the present regime in Spain was like to live with—and under. The impression that this book gives is disturbing at best, tragic at most in its implications and its findings. Taken, however, purely as a work of fiction and art, it is magnificent.

This paragraph begins with a warning. Anyone who isn't capable of laughing delightedly and with no further encouragement than a book in the hand and adequate eyesight, should avoid a collection of Mr. S. J. Perelman's works, fragrantly and typically entitled A CHILD'S GARDEN OF CURSES (Heinemann. 12s. 6d.). I know that tastes in humour and wit are more personal than tastes in asparagus, oysters or painting, but (probably because I can't leave well alone) I must tell you that I think this volume remarkably funny. And I mean by that, funny to the point of barking with laughter at such an uncivilised hour as 7.30 a.m. I know, because I have.

Contained in this volume are three books: *Crazy Like a Fox*, *Keep It Crisp* and *Acres and Pains*. Each of them is written in the form of brief essays, and few of them are without the kind of point that one can apply to one's own experience, although their origin is American. And now I will only say—enjoy yourselves.

GRANT OF KINGDOM (Cassell. 12s. 6d.) is American too, but in another way. It is exciting, romantic, and although its author, Mr. Harvey Fergusson, tells us it is fictional, it is at least based on fact. About 100 years ago in the south-west of the United States there were still relics of old Spanish land grants in a wonderful but barely explored area. This is the story of four men who came to such a territory, and a story, too, of the way in which four human beings can react to sudden, temporal power.

PINK MAGIC (Peter Davies. 8s. 6d.), as you might guess from the title, is just a little piece of nonsense, but quite agreeable nonsense which might help to pass a summer evening. Miss Margaret Lee Runbeck writes gaily and in the first person about her sixteen-year-old heroine who goes from Massachusetts to Mexico on a well-chaperoned tour to study art, and suffers by comparison with two more glamorous girls (I 'm sure that is the word they would choose), whose objective is not Art but Boys. In the end our 6-ft. heroine with the glasses and the naïve approach has the best time of all, which proves, if nothing else, that the old plots still have life in them.

ALWAYS TO-MORROW (Harrap. 12s. 6d.) is that fantastic thing, a war story and a true one at that, that is really amusing. Mr. John F. Leeming was flying to Cairo with Air Marshal Boyd when their aircraft was forced down, and they were taken prisoner in Sicily and later removed to Italy, where other distinguished prisoners, such as the Generals Neame, O'Connor, Gambier-Parry and Carton de Wiart joined them. It was 1940, and Air-Marshal Boyd's appointment was later taken over by the future Lord Tedder. The situation was therefore, if not hopeless, at least tragic, but it seems that not only did Mr. Leeming's high spirits prevail, but they were encouraged by his fellow-internees through all their joint vicissitudes.

When some of them had successfully escaped, and Mr. Leeming's own scheme for strolling out of the place had proved impractical, he decided to feign madness and achieve repatriation in that way. The imposture took nearly eighteen months and made him very ill indeed before he was entrained for France, Spain and, finally, Lisbon. When he reached England and found himself in a train for London he turned to the only other passenger in his carriage and spoke a few excited sentences. "A look of absolute horror came on his face. . . . Then I knew for certain that I was back in England. For I had committed the unforgivable crime of speaking without an introduction." Need I tell you that this is a book in a thousand?

It is as well to remember, when one is enjoying THE TABLE TALK OF SAMUEL MARCHBANKS (Chatto and Windus. 10s. 6d.), by Mr. Robertson Davies, that Stephen Leacock, too, was a Canadian, and that although we miss his writings more every year, there is at least one successor to his tradition, if not exactly to his style. This book of delicious scraps, related only through the writer's strong and characteristic humour, is really great fun, and, since Mr. Davies' work is not yet very well known over here (he is chiefly known in Canada as an editor and a playwright), it is especially gratifying to feel that one is making a real literary discovery as well as enjoying one's self.

THE DUKE OF WINDSOR VISITS THE ANTIQUE DEALERS' FAIR IN LONDON: The Duke, who paid a surprise visit to the Fair at Grosvenor House, examining an English lacquer black and gilt Chinese Chippendale piece made in 1750.

THE MIND of ANDRÉ GIDE

The Fourth and Last Volume of His Journals Reveals an Intellectually Vigorous Old Age

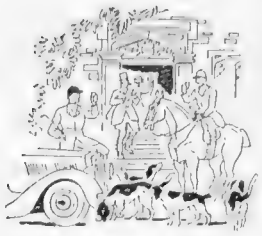
Justin O'Brien now brings to a conclusion his great translation of THE JOURNALS OF ANDRÉ GIDE (Martin Secker. Volume IV; 35s.). This final volume covers the years 1939–1949, the years of war and of post-war desolation, and the remarkable thing is that these pages do not reflect the mind of a man in his seventies, who might be expected to look back into his vivid past more often than into the future. They reveal a man of tremendous mental vigour, an amoralist still advocating a highly-charged, unafraid attitude towards life, a believer in the theory that the soul and the body are two aspects of one and the same universe, and that it is useless to oppose them. No less useless, he affirmed, is the torment of the mind that urges the soul and body to war against each other. "It is in their identification that I have found calm," Gide declared. Whenever Gide discourses in the realm of ideas he commands the deepest attention and respect. His notes on the world around him, first in the South of France after Hitler's conquest of the country and secondly in self-imposed exile in North Africa, are less vivid, because they lack continuity. There is none the less a fascination in sharing the intimate feelings of a particularly sensitive person in regard to Hitler's vast European concentration camp. In the brief entries for 1945, Gide dealt hardly at all with the closing phases of the war; even then this man of far horizons was looking far ahead, dwelling with misgiving upon the Russian scene, "where any thought that does not conform becomes suspect," and the vast searchlight of his mind was probing into the past for what might be of worth, spending four to six hours a day at his Latin studies so that in the original tongue he might re-read Cæsar and Sallust, Horace's epistles and Cicero's *Pro Archia*. At that time Gide was seventy-six. In 1946 the author was on the banks of the Nile where "faced with Egyptian art I became nothing but stubborness and opposition," he very humanly declared. The land of the Pharaohs evidently had little impact upon Gide, for in these pages he dwells for the most part upon the political scene, on the defeat, the retreat, and the rout of the human spirit represented by totalitarianism. He wrote also of the Cult of Gide, which, more than anything else, disgusted him with himself, but allowed in his seventy-eighth year that life was still infinitely worth living. His perennial youth shines clear through all these pages, the reflections of an extraordinary mind, above all of a man of maturity, whose intellectual vigour in old age was wholly unimpaired.

Marie Henri Beyle, the French novelist of post-Napoleonic days who took the pen-name of Stendhal, has been called the creator of the modern novel of psychoanalysis which Bourget and d'Annunzio did so much to popularise. To-day Stendhal is enjoying a new vogue, and there is sure to be a hearty welcome for a new cheap edition of his masterpiece, THE CHARTERHOUSE OF PARMA (The New Phœnix Library. 7s. 6d.). Balzac's study of Stendahl is provided as a preface, and will certainly be read with greatest advantage after, and not before, reading the novel, for it is a detailed appreciation of *The Charterhouse of Parma* and of its brilliant author. Stendahl was apparently so influenced by Balzac that, on the latter's advice, he undertook the decimation of his first fifty pages, which were over-elaborate in their descriptive passages. Another addition to The New Phœnix Library is William Plomer's SADO (published at 6s.). *Sado* was Mr. Plomer's second novel, and is a vivid and forceful picture of what may happen when Europeans come into intimate personal contact with Asiatics

R. E. S. Wyatt, one of our fighting cricketers, is the author of THREE STRAIGHT STICKS (Stanley Paul. 12s. 6d.), a book in traditional style and packed with anecdotes and incidents of the great summer game. It is really the story of first-class cricket since 1923 as seen through the eyes of one player, one indeed who has been deeply absorbed in it and has a sense of its "civilising mission" which, natural enough here, might be expected to raise smiles upon the Continent of Europe or in the land of baseball, where the cultural message of King Willow has yet to penetrate.

The New Naturalist Series, a project of over fifty volumes which is now sufficiently well on its way for its sustained quality to be appreciated, receives an important addition in H. J. Fleure's A NATURAL HISTORY OF MAN IN BRITAIN (Collins. 21s.). This is the study of man himself through the ages against the varied natural conditions afforded by these islands. The author, Professor Fleure, for long associated with the University of Wales and the University of Manchester, combines the knowledge of an historian, an anthropologist, a geographer, and a naturalist. This book is the fruit of a lifetime's gathering.

Lieut.-Colonel Howard N. Cole's THE STORY OF ALDERSHOT (Gale and Polden. 30s.), deals essentially with "the home of the British Army," and therefore this work of partly local appeal commands a wider audience as well. The style is strictly factual, in most chapters, in fact, it is militarily precise. A series of really excellent photographs adorns the text.



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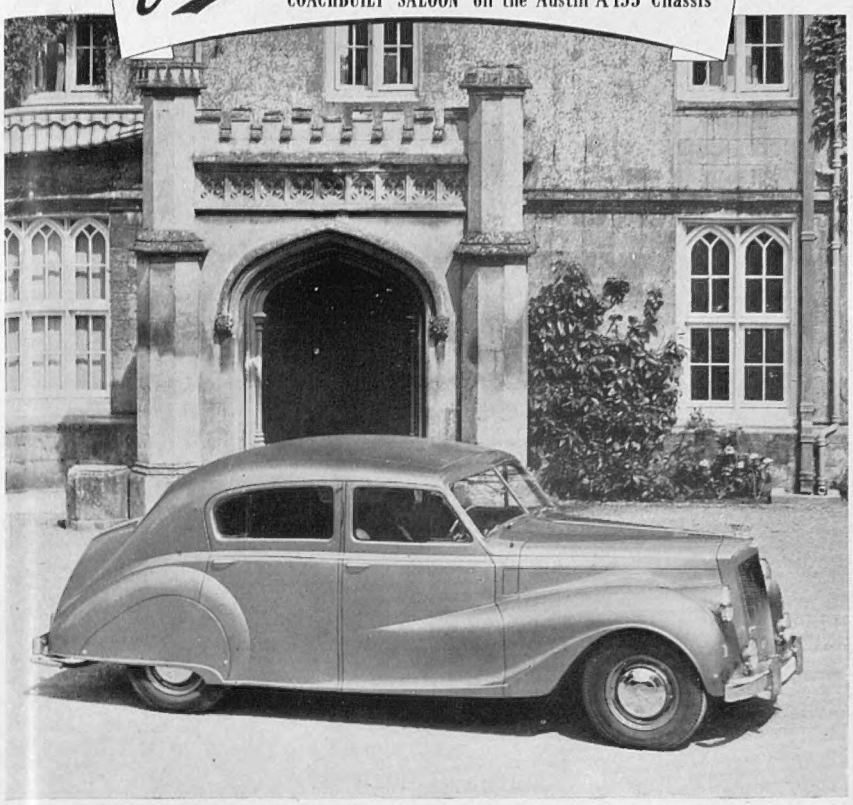

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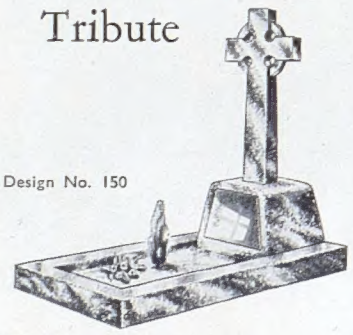
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